The Nation.

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The Week.

President McKinley, so the Thomasville dispatches say, has not yet decided upon a Philippine policy, as he "feels that our present knowledge of the islands is too indefinite" to base it upon. This is a trifle late. The horse is bought, and whether he is a kicking brute or a perfect model of a family Dobbin, we neglected first to find out. Accounts differ widely, as is inevitable. One observer sees and reports one side of native life and character, and another another. The *Tribune* the other day was getting great comfort out of the frank picture of native habits drawn by one of the *Evening Post's* correspondents in Manila, but in the same issue it printed interesting letters from an officer of Dewey's squadron, which show quite another side of the shield. He speaks of the "cultured men who are running this native government," of their being "thoroughly in earnest in wanting their independence," and so on. Well, we are not going to decide which set of observers is right. Under the seal of confidence, we confess that we do not know. But we do know that the men who, in equal ignorance, went ahead and in the dark committed this country to its present awful responsibilities in the Philippines, have a terrible burden to bear, be they Presidents, Paris Commissioners, editors, kitchen cabinets, Duty men, Destiny men, or even men simply on the make.

Next to Gen. Miles, the most conspicuous witness to date before the Army Commission is Gov. Roosevelt, who was before the Court of Inquiry on Saturday. He was scrupulously careful to leave no chance for doubt as to his verdict on Eagan's beef:

> "I regarded the canned roast beef as an utterly unfit ration for troops. I make that statement without reservation and without qualification. I have heard that the cans up here have been examined and found wholesome. But I would state emphatically that my experience of that beef proved to me beyond a shadow of question that the canned roast beef we had with us was at the best unpalatable, and at the worst uneatable and unwholesome. To the majority of men it was not only unpalatable, but sufficiently unwholesome to make many of them sick."

Gov. Roosevelt also testified that before leaving Tampa he had encountered a genuine sample of embalmed beef of the kind the mere mention of which by Gen. Miles threw Eagan into a perfect convulsion of fury. A couple of quarters of beef, the Governor said, were put on board the transport which was to take his men to Cuba. "I was told to put it in the shade because it was chemically treated to last in the tropics. It lasted one day, and got so offensive that I had it thrown overboard. Since coming back to the United States I have been led to understand that it was an experiment." At last we have conclusive evidence upon the one count in Gen. Miles's indictment of the Eagan beef which has been most bitterly assailed, and which has not hitherto been sustained. Eagan and Alger have denied previously that there was any such thing as chemically treated beef, or that any beef so treated was sent as an experiment.

The Carter scandal is, in its way, as gross as the Eagan scandal. The President, pulled about by the political friends of Capt. Carter, is moving heaven and earth to find some way of setting aside the verdict of a court-martial which the Secretary of War says was long since put in the hands of Mr. McKinley, with the recommendation that it be approved. So far, the favorite trick has been to have the trial "reviewed" by one man after another. It is rumored now that the Attorney-General, the "Glory-crowned" Griggs, is to take a shy at it some time in the summer, if he finds the necessary leisure. Meantime Capt. Carter is on the pay-rolls, and is having as good a time as if he had not been found guilty and sentenced to be cashiered from the army. The *Army and Navy Journal* speaks the disgust of all professional soldiers at this monstrous instance of military favoritism and injustice, when it says:

> "It is certainly difficult to understand the occasion for so much delay. Capt. Carter had a perfectly clear trial, he was ably defended, and if there is any reason found why the verdict of the court should not be carried out, it should be made known. As it is, the delay is the occasion of much public scandal, it is an injury to the army, and it is a reflection upon the able and impartial tribunal before which Capt. Carter was arraigned."

The adjournment of the Anglo-American Commission without reaching a final settlement is most unfortunate because of the serious troubles now pending about the boundary line between the British possessions in the far Northwest and Alaska. The situation became threatening some weeks ago, and it would not be surprising if there should be clashes between American and Canadian prospectors in the disputed territory. The trouble, of course, grows out of the gold discoveries. Before the rush of miners into that region, nobody cared much whether a particular district was called American or Canadian, but now it makes a great difference whether the Canadians can collect duties and enforce their regulations. There are charges, which seem to be pretty well sustained, that the Canadian local authorities are aggressive and grasping, and there would be great risks of bloody collisions if things should be left at loose ends during the approaching season for mining. It ought to be possible, however, to make some temporary arrangement like that which the British Ambassador at Washington is credited with proposing, for the immediate running of a boundary line by the two governments, which should be observed until a final settlement can be made.

Apropos of this news from Washington, a correspondent, who has spent nearly two years in Alaska and the Northwest Territories, sends us his explanation of the movement recently reported among citizens of Fort Wrangel, Alaska, to get from under the American flag and come under Canadian rule. According to our informant, Fort Wrangel was originally only a small Indian trading post, with not over twenty-five white inhabitants, and what is now Dyea was little more than a small trading-store run by one white man; while what is now Skagway, three miles from Dyea, did not exist. When the gold-seekers rushed in, Dyea, Skagway, and Fort Wrangel speedily became places with a population of several thousand apiece, as supply-depots for men who were going into the Klondike. Fort Wrangel was the favorite with Canadians, who established the Stickeen route, with Fort Wrangel as the transfer point. All three towns flourished until last summer, when a railway was built from Skagway over the White pass, and Dyea and Fort Wrangel collapsed. Our correspondent says that Fort Wrangel has now only about fifty inhabitants, and that their sole hope is to have the place ceded to Canada and made the terminus of a Canadian railway to the gold-fields. This is alleged to be the true explanation of the desire for a change of flags, the complaint as to the poor enforcement of the laws of our Government being a mere subterfuge, although our correspondent admits that "the Canadians have many laws which are, perhaps, superior to our own, and in certain parts enforce their laws in a better manner."

The discrimination between passengers is a constant subject of mirth on board the incoming steamers; the foreigners exulting freely over the greater annoyance to which the natives are going to be subjected at the custom-house, and the natives hanging their heads for shame. We know of no civilized country, except our own, in which this distinction is made. In Turkey, Morocco, and China, foreigners live under the jurisdiction of their own consuls, but we believe the distinction in the matter of taxation is not known any-

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where but in America, and has not been known since the Middle Ages, when different races, after the fall of the Roman Empire, lived under different laws. That we should have gone back to it—that is, should have subjected our own people to a régime so odious that we acknowledge that we dare not impose it on foreigners—is a striking illustration of the kind of hands into which our fiscal legislation has fallen. The humiliation of it to our own citizens abroad and in our ports is obvious. We used to lead the world in legislation of all kinds, but we are rapidly securing a conspicuous position in the rear.

For a number of weeks Quay has been a boss without prestige, and in this fact has consisted the chief hope of his ultimate defeat. But he has held on in his fight for the Senatorship, and at last there are signs that he may recover lost ground by a fresh display of his power. A State election will be held in Pennsylvania next November, and the Quay machine is already in March choosing delegates to the convention which will nominate the candidates on the Republican ticket. This is a favorite dodge of bosses, to fasten their hold upon what is nominally a gathering that represents the party, by packing it with their own creatures chosen so long before the convention that the general public takes litle interest in the matter. Half-a-dozen county conventions have now been held, and the Quay men have carried every one. In two of these counties the Republican opposition to the boss has been very strong, and prevailed last fall, but in each case the machine has just won an easy victory in the primaries.

The most discouraging feature of these developments is the fact that Quay wins even when the Republican voters generally turn out. Lancaster County polled 16,622 votes for the regular Republican candidate for Governor last fall, and 2,186 for the Independent, whom many anti-Quay Republicans supported. The Republican primaries were held on Saturday, and about 16,000 votes were polled. Nobody can assert that this was not a fair test of party sentiment, and the Quay machine swept everything before it by a majority of nearly 5,000, securing every place on the county ticket, as well as all the delegates to the State convention. Ex-State Senator Kauffman has been one of the leaders in the fight against Quay, but his own town, and even his own ward, went against him on Saturday. Such things as these cannot fail to revive the prestige of the boss, and improve his chances of tiring out the opposition at this session of the Legislature, and finally getting a majority in the Legislature that will be chosen next year, when the Presidential contest will make independent voting unpopular.

It is hard lines for a great political party that an absorbing public controversy as to its leadership and principles should be carried on by two such men as Bryan and Croker. These two pose before the country as the chief exponents of opposing principles in the party, and columns of space are given daily to their views about each other and about the immortal Democracy of Jefferson. The only result is to drive everybody of self-respect out of the party. No greater service could be performed for Hanna and his party than this. For several years now there has been a great body of voters in the country who are Republicans under protest. They are forced to vote with Hanna and McKinley, not because they have any sympathy with what they are doing, but because they cannot vote with the party of Croker and Bryan. Nothing is more remarkable in the present political situation than the utter dearth of reputable men in the Democratic party who can be called leaders. Every effort which is made by members of the party who would like to save it from Bryan and Croker to find a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, merely demonstrates the party's moral poverty. One eager searcher for a statesman is quoted who, after exploring the whole country, is forced to the conclusion that the party may have to drag Mr. Cleveland from his retirement and compel him to stand again. Occasionally one hears of efforts to refurbish David Bennett Hill and try to make him look as if he were capable of giving a moral aspect to the party, but this is a task beyond human capacity to achieve. If the man who made government in this State for seven years a mere annex to Tammany Hall and the liquor trade, be the residuum of moral character left in the Democratic party, its case is indeed forlorn.

Mr. Croker remarks in defence of his $10 fee for a Jeffersonian dinner: "There is no reason for protesting against the price. *We* put money in circulation and benefit all classes of the people." Whose money is it that "we" put in circulation? Why, that of the taxpayers, of course. Mr. Croker has the handling of about $100,000,000 a year of it, and there is no doubt that all his followers who are going to his dinner get direct evidence of its "circulation." Whether all classes are benefited in equal or less degree is another matter, but that is of little consequence. The first object of Tammany government is the sustenance of Mr. Croker. After him come his intimates; after them The Club; and after them the rank and file of the Tammany party. What are these but the "people"? Is anybody who is foolish enough to live outside Tammany Hall worthy of a moment's thought in the circulation of the city's money? And what a confession of failure it would be for Mr. Croker or any other Tammany man to say that the general prosperity of the organization was not great enough to enable every member of it to pay $10 for a dinner?

Two noteworthy changes in the matter of Sunday trains occur almost simultaneously in two States. A railroad company which serves many towns in New Jersey has just begun running trains on the first day of the week, and the railroads of Connecticut have been authorized to run such trains, when permitted by the Railroad Commissioners, during all the hours of Sunday. In the former case the passage of a law was not necessary, as Sunday trains had not been run simply because the managers of the railroad company would not put them on; but in Connecticut a statute has absolutely prohibited the running of trains within the limits of the commonwealth between the hours of 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. A curious feature of the New England case is the fact that there has been no such restriction upon Sunday trains in the adjoining States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and of the New Jersey instance that all the other important roads in the State have long run such trains. Another anomaly of the situation in Connecticut has been the operation of trolley lines without the slightest restriction during all hours of Sunday.

The action of the Connecticut Legislature is significant of the change of sentiment regarding what used to be called "the keeping of the Sabbath" among the descendants of the Puritans. The lower branch of that Legislature is chiefly composed of representatives from small towns, not a few of them off the main lines of railroad traffic; but while the old law prohibiting trains between 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. was passed, a dozen years ago, without a dissenting vote, the bill empowering the Railroad Commissioners to authorize such trains went through this week with only 21 nays to 136 ayes. Experience has demolished the chief argument which was to be urged against allowing any Sunday trains, that this would be "the entering wedge" to a breaking down of all distinctions between Sundays and week-days in the matter of railroad traffic. Nearly all of the great lines have for years run some trains on Sunday, but there has nowhere been any approach to week-day conditions. The truth is, that both the managers and the employees are opposed to having anything like the usual amount of work on what all recognize it is best should be, so far as possible, a day of rest; but the necessity to the community of running some trains is also universally recognized, and this demand can be met without the slightest risk of harm to either railroad men or the general public.

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Now that the discussion has begun out of doors on the new municipal bill for London prepared by the Government, the number of objections which are springing up and will have to be dealt with by Mr. Balfour, is rather appalling. In the first place, one of the great faults found with the present municipalities by property-holders, the London County Council included, is their tendency to do things for the masses at the expense of the taxpayer, or, as one of its developments is called, "municipal trading." The fact that the London County Council has done a good deal of this sort of thing has, more than anything else, excited the Conservative hostility to it, and it must be admitted that the tendency occupies a large place in the aspirations of all the more ardent civic reformers. They want cheap or gratis carriage for the poor, cheap or gratis gas, cheap or gratis baths, dearer labor, cheap education and gratis lunches for poor children, cheap or gratis music, and so on. The number of things which dwellers in cities are, by reformers, held bound to supply to everybody who chooses to settle in a city for any reason, increases every year. Municipal reform consists more and more in "municipal trading"—that is, the doing by the municipality of things which are now done by private enterprise for market prices. The fact that the municipality means the taxpayers, makes the glowing pictures drawn by the reformers of what beautiful and convenient places cities might become by the expenditure of more city money, when coupled with the fact that those who will most enjoy cities, and who will most eagerly vote for improvements, will not be the persons who will pay the expense of them, makes most programmes of city reform rather melancholy reading for the smaller class of taxpayers. In the meantime the crowding of the poor into all the cities continues.

One of the most foolish incidents of the English government of Ireland besides, and far more important than, the royal abstinence from visiting Ireland or living in it, has been the failure, often commented on, to encourage Irish enlistment in the English army. The Irish Catholic peasant, though known to be a fighting man, was not allowed to enlist until 1800, thirty years before Catholic emancipation. Yet such numbers did enlist during the next fourteen years of the peninsular war, that the Duke of Wellington declared in the House of Lords that he could not have carried on that war without them. Napier pays the highest tribute to their military qualities. The Connaught Rangers, an Irish regiment, repulsed the French Guard in the streets of Fuentes de Oñoro. Now, after the rebellion of 1745, the Scotch Highlanders, who were in exactly the same position as the Irish, that of disaffected Catholics, were enlisted in two or three regiments, in which they did splendid service during the next half century, and are still relied upon for desperate enterprises. The curious thing is, that every pains was taken to bring the Highlanders' national feeling into play as a stimulant to military valor, though it was known not to be a whit greater than that of the Irish. They were allowed to wear their national dress when it was forbidden to the rest of their countrymen. They were allowed their national music for use, on the march and in battle. According to Byron, the "Camerons' gathering" "rose wild and high" at Waterloo. The Irish, on the other hand, were allowed neither national colors, nor uniforms, nor music. Within twenty years men have been punished for wearing a shamrock in their hats on St. Patrick's day. They are merged as far as possible in every way in English regiments, so that none of the glory of their exploits may redound to their unfortunate country. There is a story of a poor fellow of Fenian proclivities, who fell in one of the Sikh wars, wishing with his dying breath that his death had been for Ireland. There is a call in London to-day for an Irish regiment of Guards, but it comes rather late after a century of insult and coercion. Still it may succeed.

A medical school for the study of tropical diseases is to be established in England as an incident of colonizing in West Africa. Mr. Chamberlain explained to the House of Commons that the constant deaths of promising officers, civil and military, in the West African colonies, had determined the Colonial Office to do all in its power to combat the little-understood diseases of the African coast. What had been done in Calcutta and Hong-Kong and in Jamaica, to take away their ancient reproach of being a graveyard of British officers, he thought might be done for West Africa. The scheme contemplates special training for nurses and physicians, none of whom shall hereafter be appointed to stations in West Africa until after taking a post-graduate course in the hospital selected for the detailed study and treatment of the various forms of African fever. The initial expense to the Government will not be large, as existing hospitals will be utilized, and the Royal Society has made a grant of funds to assist in the work. The project was cordially approved by Parliament, even Mr. Labouchere joining in with the wish that West Africa might be made so salubrious that the Colonial Secretary would go there in person.

The admission made by the French Ministry that no further increase in the army is possible, is the first exact confession that has been made in any of the great nations that the conscription has reached its limits. The race has gone on steadily until now, and, up to the present, France has held her own with Germany; but she confesses that the end has come. France has 14,000,000 less population than Germany, yet has maintained till now a stronger army, but Germany has determined to remain no longer in the rear in the matter of numbers. The bill now pending in the Reichstag raises the strength of the German cavalry from 472 to 482 squadrons and the infantry on a peace footing to 495,500 men, to be completed in 1903. France cannot, M. Freycinet confesses, respond as Mr. Goschen has done to Russia with the British fleet. The stop will probably be reached everywhere else eventually in the same way. British sailors will in the same way give out before the British money for building ships gives out, and Russia will continue to increase her armaments as fast as she can get money, which she finds scarce. But she is very far from the limit of her resources. With such enormous tracts of unoccupied land, an enormous increase of population is sure to come. The Russian future is probably still remote, but it is certain. There can hardly be a worse foreign policy, therefore, than that which ridicules her efforts or proposals for peace, which does not grasp at any offer she makes to limit her armament, or start on a more peaceful path. She can probably go on increasing her armament for generations, and to bind her not to increase it even for one, would be a great gain for humanity.

The question is, however, beginning to be asked more and more who is to command these hosts if they ever take the field. Only two generals have, in this century, given any reason to believe that they were capable of it, Napoleon and Moltke; and not more than two such men are to be looked for in a century, if two. This is a thought constantly present in every European cabinet. There is no general living to-day who would be willing to take any such responsibility. There are plenty of fair corps commanders, but there is not a single corps commander who is thought capable of bringing the full strength of any great Power to bear on an enemy of the same rank. They can put enormous armies in the field, and, perhaps, provide the beef, canned or on the hoof, for the troops; but to get them in a fighting line is a different matter. The French generals have all been ruled out of the competition by general consent. About the new generation of Germans and Russians we know little or nothing, though probably every writer on military affairs professes to know some secret genius who "is sure to make his mark" when the time comes. The British do not lay claim to one such on land. They rely on admirals, but the others make no sea professions at all.

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GETTING OUR EYES OPEN.

The English General who said to his troops, "I have led you into a devil of a scrape, and now you've got to fight like hell to get me out of it," displayed a frankness which it would become the Great Father at Washington and his counsellors to imitate. The one feeling on this Philippine business throughout the land is that an enormous blunder has been made. We do not speak now of the wisdom or folly of taking the islands from Spain, but of the way in which this bloody conflict with the natives was brought about. Our soldiers are fighting gallantly, as, of course, we knew they would; but why did they have to fight at all? Whose was the misconception in policy, whose the mismanagement in execution, that led to the extraordinary plight in which we now find ourselves? Day by day news comes which leaves the emotions of Americans strangely confused—their pride in their courageous troops struggles with mortification that they should have to fight the very natives whom they went to free; their sorrow at the loss of so many brave lives alternates with shame for the cause and indignation for the blunderers who brought this misery on us. That things have turned out wofully different from the roseate plans of Mr. McKinley is not denied even by his adulators. What is the reason?

Summarily, we may say that the reason is the comprehensive one Dr. Johnson gave for his own blunder, "Pure ignorance!" We took a leap into the dark, and this time our luck failed us, and we got badly bruised. The knowledge on the strength of which our Peace Commissioners decided to buy the Philippines from Spain, was not great enough or accurate enough to warrant them in buying a house and lot. The one thing they felt sure of was that the natives would submit without fighting. All through the testimony taken at Paris runs this positive assurance—the Filipinos would fight the Spaniards to the death, but they would never think of resisting Americans. That was taken for granted by all the great minds of the Commission, and we see now how correct their information was. In our good-natured, vainglorious American way we embarked on this ill-studied enterprise, sure that it would somehow "all come out right in the end." But we are wiser now, if sadder. We see that many elements of the situation were egregiously misunderstood by the men who led us into this Philippine muddle. How many more disagreeable revelations await us we do not know; but as far as we have gone we have seen only too much reason to believe that the whole affair was entered into with inconceivable light-heartedness, upon assumptions entirely mistaken.

One of the greatest mistakes, it is now evident, was the initial treatment of the insurgents. We undoubtedly owed much to their coöperation: the officers of both army and navy admit it. But for Aguinaldo's army, and its success in sweeping the Spanish out of their outlying garrisons and penning them up in Manila, our capture of that city would not have been the easy and comparatively bloodless affair it turned out to be. Yet from the first the whole official attitude of our Government towards Aguinaldo and the insurgents was one of indifference verging on hostility. And it is important to observe that this was directly inspired from Washington. As early as June 16 of last year, Secretary Day ordered Consul Pratt at Singapore not to countenance the Filipinos in any way; he said that "this Government has known the Philippine insurgents only as discontented and rebellious subjects of Spain, and is not acquainted with their purposes." He went on to observe that the United States, "in entering upon the military occupancy of the islands," expected from the inhabitants only "that obedience which will be lawfully due from them." This high and mighty tone was insisted upon all through. Gen. Merritt adopted it in his correspondence with Aguinaldo, both before and after the surrender of Manila, and said in one letter that he was thereby acting on "recent instructions" from Washington. Now this, it is clear, was grossly to misconceive as well as to exasperate the natives. They have at least leaders who are men of education and ability, and presumably have a sense of personal dignity, and thus to be thrust aside contemptuously must have been galling to them in the extreme. If the aim was to goad them into fighting, the method could not have been more skilful; but we supposed that our aim was to conciliate and cooperate. Surely, somebody blundered grievously in this whole matter of understanding the natives and dealing with them.

The military equipment and fighting quality of the natives, their money resources, and the degree of popular support which they enjoy, have also come as a surprise to our authorities. Aguinaldo got a supply of arms from the captured Spanish arsenal at Cavité. Dewey did not give Aguinaldo arms—he was too shrewd to entangle himself in that way; he just looked the other way while Aguinaldo helped himself. Then the insurgents were undoubtedly importing ammunition and military supplies from Hong Kong and Yokohama during all those months of waiting. We winked at the process as long as we supposed that the weapons would be used only against the Spaniards; now they are employed against us. Aguinaldo raises money by a kind of forced taxation, levying contributions on interior trade and agriculture. This is the sort of taxes the people have been used to under Spanish rule, and they seem to pay their own chiefs with alacrity. Indeed, so far as appears, the inhabitants of Luzon, outside of Manila, are united in support of the war on Americans. Thus, we have found that the native soldiers are better armed than we thought, that they fight with much greater courage and skill than we expected, and that they are beaten and driven off, after great and heroic exertions by our army, without any idea of surrendering. The present campaign may be entirely successful. Malolos, the seat of the native Government, may be captured in a day or two. Yet, if the natives choose to go on fighting in their swamps and mountain fastnesses, the problem of reducing Luzon to order will have been only begun. But we are at least getting our eyes open to the size of the job we have on our hands.

THE DEMORALIZED OPPOSITION.

Now that we are within a year of the time when the canvass for delegates to the national conventions of 1900 will be under way, the most striking feature of the situation is the utter demoralization of the opposition. There have been times in our history when the dominant organization was quite as strong as the Republicans are now, but it would be hard to name any period when the other party was as weak, both in leadership and in hold upon the people, as is the so-called Democracy today.

"Democratic principles" is a term which has become a laughing-stock. The party came into power the last time upon the platform of tariff reform. But even the leader in that contest could not carry into effect through Congressional legislation the principles which he represented, and the misshapen act which finally went upon the statute-book got there without President Cleveland's signature. So far back as 1894 the forces of disintegration were thus at work.

The lurch towards Populism which was taken in 1896 carried the process still further. The Bryanite platform adopted at Chicago in that year drove out of the party, almost in a mass, both its character and its brains. There has never been a Presidential candidate of either of the old parties who received so little support from the intelligence of the party which had nominated him as the "boy orator" in the last Presidential campaign.

Defeat did not teach wisdom. The minority in Congress during the past two years has been little better than a leaderless mob. The new issues growing out of the war with Spain leave the opposition without coherence of organization or unity of policy. There are so-called Democrats who earnestly favored the ratification of the treaty of peace, and others who zealously opposed it; some who regard the expansion policy

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as destructive to our national ideals, and others who consider the acquisition of the Philippines as only the logical sequence to Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana.

An opposition party in the year before a Presidential election usually has three or four hopeful aspirants for the nomination. It seldom happens that one man has gained such a hold as Cleveland possessed eight years ago, and Jackson during John Quincy Adams's term in the White House; and in those cases the leaders who dominated the party were men of great personal strength. To-day there is nobody in sight for the next nomination of Populized Democracy, but the man whose last nomination involved it in overwhelming defeat. Worse still, the interval has served only to confirm the original impression of Bryan's monumental egotism, shallowness, and weakness. Nothing disgusts the people so much as the open pursuit of the highest office, and this silly politician makes no concealment of his intense eagerness for a renomination. The spectacle of a wordy orator, professing to be the champion of the downtrodden masses, and ready to sacrifice himself for the public good, who charges his audiences "all the traffic will stand" for the privilege of hearing him denounce monopolies, is sickening.

There is an uneasiness in Bryan's demeanor which indicates that some consciousness of his undignified course must occasionally penetrate even his dense egotism, and arouse apprehension as to his real hold upon the people. But this is a very different thing from hold upon the party organization. The strength of Bryan as a candidate is based upon the fact that the men who consider him an orator and a statesman control the machinery in the Southern and Western States, as well as in some at the East. If the delegates were to be chosen to-morrow, the bulk of them would undoubtedly be for Bryan. His hope is that the situation will be the same next winter and spring, and as the weak men whom Bryanism has invested with the running of the party machinery would generally rather see the party beaten than lose their hold upon that machinery, the hope is not so unreasonable as it should be.

The whole nation suffers from the present demoralization of the minority. It is essential to the successful working of party government that there shall be a strong opposition, always ready with the criticism which is sure to be needed by the dominant organization, and prepared with at least a definite policy to urge as an alternative. A majority which has no reason to fear the minority is always dangerous. An opposition too weak to inspire apprehension deprives the country of a needed bulwark against the aggressions of power. Seldom in our history has the nation needed a strong opposition wisely led so much as now. It is a real misfortune to the republic that in such a crisis the minority is nothing but a weak aggregation of helpless voters, without either effective organization or judicious counsellors. Party government is at a low ebb when millions of men have no other representative than a conceited orator who runs solely for his own aggrandizement the organization which has fallen under his control.

CHANGES IN PUBLIC ORATORY.

Several collections of political orations in France, during the last seventy years, have lately been published; and M. Emile Faguet, in some remarks about them in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, shows what has been the rise and course of this species of eloquence in his native land. Parliamentary, as distinguished from forensic and pulpit, oratory has, of course, but a short history in France. It scarcely antedates the Revolution. Its golden age was reached at about the same time as the golden age of American oratory—that is, roughly, 1830-1850. Those were the days when Guizot and Thiers and Berryer launched their argosies with portly sail; when the Assembly would not only endure but enjoy a philosophical exposition of political principles from the tribune, a leisurely, historical oration, full-freighted eloquence like that our own Senate delighted in at the same period. But in France, as in this country, as in England, too, great changes have taken place of recent years in the standards and practice of public oratory. What M. Faguet writes of the French Parliament might be said with equal truth of the House of Commons or of the American Congress—"always pressed for time and impatient, it demands short speeches, and simply will not listen to theoretical or historical discourses."

Increasing business to transact, and the increase of the business spirit in transacting it, have, in fact, necessarily done to death old-style oratory in modern legislative assemblies. The change in English Parliamentary oratory during the last generation has been as notable as that in our own, and along the same general lines. It is not simply that the fashion of rhetoric has altered. Nobody now brings in a long Greek quotation in a speech in the House of Commons, in the ancient resounding way; if he did he would be in danger of being laughed at. But there is more in it than simply the passing away of a once popular taste. The House of Commons sits to dispatch the business of a great empire, and the men it wants to hear are the men who can best discuss the business in hand. No other man has to-day the ear of the Commons as Mr. Chamberlain has it, and he speaks very much as would a business man from Birmingham. He is perfectly lucid, mercilessly trenchant, and mercifully brief. He rarely speaks more than half an hour in the House. Yet was it not Franklin who said that Washington and Jefferson were the two most effective speakers he ever heard, though neither of them ever spoke more than thirty minutes?

Cobden is commonly thought to have had great influence in bringing about the change in tone of public speaking in England. His great cause was practically a business proposition, and he argued it with the simple directness of a banker or mill-owner. Yet his grasp of fact and logic was powerful. Absolutely without flowers or furbelows, his speaking went straight to the heart of the matter, with so wide and full a knowledge that even its dry and unadorned brevity did not prevent a master of the old bow-wow style like Peel from admiring it greatly. Cobden had not a quick sense of humor, and once set the House roaring at an unintentional pun which he is said to have been unable to understand, even when it was explained to him. He was discussing some points in cotton manufacture, and said, by way of illustration, "Now take my friend from Lancashire [John Bright]; he is a spinner of long yarns."

Webster's are the only American speeches of his generation that the modern man can read. We are willing to take the word of contemporaries for it that Clay was a great orator, but his speeches we will not read. Who but historians ever wade through Calhoun's? Who can read even Benton's without nodding, or hoping that at least on the next page he may hear one of "Old Bullion's" rare but delightful roars to waken him? Webster lives by sheer weight and force. We still feel ready to match him, as Carlyle did, against all the logic-choppers in existence. As Benton said of his reply to Hayne, one felt that he could have taken the other side and been just as triumphant. There was such a grip and mastery in the man, such a march of victorious argument, lit here and there by passion, that virtue went out of him into his speeches, and the smell of the grave is scarcely on them. Yet even Webster sometimes indulged in circumlocutions and slow approaches which would not be tolerated now. We venture to say that the elaborate and rather florid figure with which he began his reply to Hayne could not now be produced in the Senate without exciting a snicker. It could be in some parts of the South, however, where orators still love to discourse for an hour or two on nature and history and the human intellect, before coming to the subject.

"There are only three or four reasons," said a Frenchman, in explaining his fondness for short speeches, "which can be given for or against a particular proposition, and all that can be said in addition is just so much stupidity." It is this

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eagerness to get at the gist of the matter, and to get to voting, which tends to make parliamentary speeches more and more brief and businesslike. Give us your heads of discourse, says the modern legislator to the modern orator, and let your elaborations go. Unlimited "leave to print" may be had on condition that leave not to hear or to read go with it. In the pulpit, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy," has judicial authority as the proper length of a sermon. Judges will take all the briefs a lawyer can hand up, but are growingly impatient of much speaking in court. Here, again, we see what the pressure of work and the application of business methods are doing to clip the periods of oratory. Yet this is not saying that the love of eloquence has disappeared. Fustian we cannot put up with, and gusts of wind strike infinite weariness to our hearts; but when a child of genius like Bourke Cockran comes along to take a theme under which other men are breaking their backs and chilling the audience, and to soar with it like one of the young-eyed cherubim, to the rapt delight of his hearers, the old spell reasserts itself, and we know again the true power of popular eloquence.

THE BREAKING UP OF CHINA.

"Every time the dry bones of China have been shaken up," said an English trade journal, "an increase of commerce has followed." It was in the same sense that the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs said the other day that China was now the "most promising" of the territories which industrial Europe was contemplating. He meant that it was the most promising opening for the overflow of the glutted markets of Europe. The exploitation of a vast empire solely in the interests of trade is something new in the world's history. The Roman Empire was eaten off bit by bit, and finally consumed, by barbarians bent on plunder. Turkey has seen province after province shorn away more by the pressure of civilization, and the uprising of her oppressed subjects in the demand for a better government, than by purely commercial attack. But China has been invaded and will be broken up, if broken up she is to be, by the commercial traveller.

How rapid this invasion has been, and how extensive the conquests in the name of trade already are, we are apt to forget. The haste and eagerness of Italy and Belgium and Japan to get a "base" on the Chinese coast, are really a sign of fear that the coast will be all taken up unless they move quickly. It is less than two years since Germany made her dramatic coup in seizing Kiao-Chou, but what has happened since? Why, England has seized Wei-hai-wei, and laid claim to the Yang-tse valley—a claim which, if enforced, would cut the empire almost in two. France has demanded fresh concessions in Sze-chuen. Italy now declares she must have the port of Sanmun, and the bay and hinterland going with it. Meanwhile, on the north, Russia pushes on her secular and irresistible advance.

It is, indeed, the Russian power which dominates the Chinese situation. As Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu writes in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes*, compared with the immense advantages Russia has obtained in China, the acquisitions of all the other nations seem poor. The vast province of Mantchuria, an empire in itself, is now practically a Russian possession. The Chinese Government admits it; the English recognize it. The dispute over the Niu-Chang Railroad grant turned largely on the question whether an English company could mortgage land north of the Great Wall. Russia protested that it could not, and England finally agreed that it would not. Russian influence is now confessed to be predominant in Corea, which country she can take over whenever she thinks she could do it without leading the other Powers to fight her. The whole Liao-Tong peninsula is at Russia's mercy; and the speedy completion of the trans-Siberian railway, with its branch line to Port Arthur, will give her facilities for holding and extending her position greater than anything within the reach of any other nation. Russia's absorption of North China has been the dream and goal of her statesmen for a hundred years. With that mystic strain which Leroy-Beaulieu says is to be found in Slavic blood, they have pursued their object, unhasting, unresting, sure that time is on their side and that they can afford to wait longer than any other. Russian control of so large a part of Chinese territory, and apparently of the entire machinery of the Chinese Government, is, in a way, a fulfilment of the prophecy of a Russian statesman, made to John Quincy Adams in 1812: "Monsieur, la Russie, bien gouvernée, est faite pour commander à l'Europe."

But what has China been doing all this while? Where is the Chinese Government? Lord Salisbury answered the question a couple of weeks ago when he said that the future of China depended not so much upon diplomacy, as upon what went on in a secluded palace and an island in a garden. He meant, of course, the intrigues near the Emperor's person. That unhappy young man of twenty-five, feeble in body and spirit, appears to be under the complete domination of the Empress Dowager. She is supposed to be a woman of great force, principally, we believe, because she cuts off the heads of those who disagree with her. But she is hand in glove with Russia. There is no possibility that she, or any Emperor likely to arise, will be able to rally the natives against foreign aggression. An enormous preliminary difficulty is that the reigning dynasty is itself a foreign one, cordially hated by millions of the people. It would have been overthrown in the Taiping rebellion of the '60s, had it not been for outside assistance. Then, too, the myth of a Chinese army of terrible fighting power has been dissipated by Japan. It was always a silly superstition, for Gordon found out and declared that the Chinese absolutely would not do aggressive fighting. The net result is that China has no power of resistance. Every time a foreign nation comes to shake the skeleton again, there is only a clashing of teeth in the fleshless jaws.

There is no doubt that the proper policy of the United States, in the face of this fated disintegration of China, will soon become an urgent political question. The attitude of our State Department has so far been that of studied neutrality, insisting upon our treaty rights, but keeping hands off. But powerful influences are now at work to bring about a change. An American Asiatic Association has been formed, composed of leading manufacturers and exporters, and its representatives, says the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, have been urging the Government to take a more pronounced position. Senator Fry is greatly stirred up on the subject, and would have the United States get a "base" on the Chinese coast without loss of time, if necessary to prevent the impairment of American trade in China. That trade is great and growing, and it is the obvious duty of the Government to safeguard it in every possible way. But a feasible method, short of going into the scramble for Chinese territory, would be a tacit, if not formal, alliance with England for the purpose of keeping the Orient open to the trade of all nations on equal terms. Interest and honor alike prompt us to such a course, and, for our part, we should heartily applaud our great protectionist and erstwhile English-hating President if he would vigorously urge joint action with England to promote free trade.

"AMERICANISM," OR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

ROME, March 3, 1899.

The chief interest for those who are watching public affairs in Italy at this moment is the action taken by the Vatican in regard to those liberal doctrines, embraced in the term "Americanism," which, starting in the United States, are now firmly rooted in France and Germany. The story is by no means old, but its details are not generally known.

In 1894 there was published in New York the 'Life of Father Hecker,' the founder of the Paulist order. But little notice was taken of the book until, having been translated into French, it gave rise to bitter discussions in Europe. The liberal party of the Church, in both France and Germany, found much to be pleased with in the doctrines of Father Hecker, while the Jesuits realized that if the influence of the book were to spread to any

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large extent, the supremacy of orthodox doctrines would be jeopardized. They are perfectly right, for, simple though the ideas of Father Hecker seem, they are the antithesis of those which have heretofore governed the Catholic body. They are in brief as follows: That the absolutely uncoupled condition of Church and State as seen in the United States is the ideal to be sought everywhere; that more latitude should be given to the untrammelled workings of the individual conscience, and that more stress should be laid on *active* than on *passive* (or monastic) virtues.

Father Hecker was not alone in his ideas. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Mgr. Keane, and Mgr. D. J. O'Connell all expressed in one way or another their approval of them. Archbishop Ireland even wrote an introduction to the 'Life,' in which he gave expression to the highest admiration for Father Hecker, and said he considered him a model to be followed by the priesthood. Cardinal Gibbons, in an autograph letter, bade godspeed to the French translation of the book; and Mgr. O'Connell, at the International Catholic Scientific Congress held at Fribourg in August, 1897, read a paper entitled "A New Idea in the Life of Father Hecker," in which he showed the real nature of "Americanism," and affirmed that

"from what has been said in the foregoing, it must appear evident to every candid inquirer that it involves no conflict with either Catholic faith or morals; that, in spite of repeated statements to the contrary, it is no new form of heresy or liberalism or separatism; and that, fairly considered, 'Americanism' is nothing else than that loyal devotion which Catholics in America bear to the principles on which their government is founded, and their conscientious conviction that these principles afford Catholics favorable opportunities for promoting the glory of God, the growth of the Church, and the salvation of souls in America."

The second chapter of the story began when, a few months ago, a French priest, Charles Maignen, wrote a book entitled 'Le Père Hecker est-il un Saint?' According to the rules which govern the Index Expurgatorius, this book, published in Paris, must bear the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard. The Cardinal, however, refused to grant it, on the ground that the book was a libel on a prince and eminent prelates of the Church—Gibbons, Ireland, and Keane. A rebuff so slight as this was not enough to quell the spirit of a Jesuit. The author took his book to Rome, although such action is distinctly forbidden by the Rules of the Index, put the name of a Roman publisher on the title, in addition to the French one, and applied for the Roman imprimatur. This was granted by Father Lepidi, the Master of the Sacred Palaces, and the book was issued. It is a curious mixture of fanaticism, reasonableness, and bad faith. The author's bad faith is shown by his constantly repeated assumption that those leaders in the American Church who share Hecker's doctrines maintain him to be a *saint*. The character of the book was such that the men attacked in it could not submit unheard, and, furthermore, certain of the liberal papers in Rome were asking ugly questions as to the granting of the imprimatur. Mgr. Keane interviewed Cardinal Rampolla on the matter, and was assured that both he, the Cardinal (who is the Pope's Secretary of State), and his Holiness felt deeply grieved at the turn of affairs, and had been completely ignorant of the questions concerning the publication of the book. This seemed to simplify matters; but almost immediately appeared a letter from Father Lepidi, stating that, when he first saw the book, its importance seemed to him so great that he put the matter in the hands of the Pope himself, and that it was with the Pope's sanction that the imprimatur was granted.

Chapter third now begins. During our war with Spain, Archbishop Ireland, owing to his being a personal friend of President McKinley, was given charge of the varied affairs connected with the Church that were affected by the war. The chief of these was the status of the Church in the islands that came under our control. The desire of the Papacy and the Jesuits was that no alteration should be made in the legal status of religious orders and their property acquired by action of mortmain. This, however, could not be arranged, but, instead, the American Government decided that so long as we controlled the islands, the status of the Church should be the same in them as in the United States. This was a hard blow to the Jesuits. It was bad enough to have liberalism spreading in the United States, and marked signs of its progress in France and Germany, without having Cuba and the Philippines given over to its invincible influence. Moreover, Cuba is but the stepping-stone to South America, and, before long, liberalism will be flourishing there as in more civilized portions of the world.

It was time for the Jesuits to strain every nerve. In January of this year Archbishop Ireland was called to Rome to explain matters, and now occurred an extraordinary event. On the 4th of February appeared the first number of a paper published by the Jesuits called *The True American Catholic*, the "Organ for the Roman Committee for the Anti-American Campaign." The articles are printed in both Italian and English. The leading article, under the heading "Our Aim," is worth quoting extensively. The style and punctuation are unusual:

"The object we have in view in commencing the publication of *The True American Catholic* is to protect the true Catholic faith, from the infernal machinations of a sect; who under the name of 'Americanism' attacks and attempts to destroy the real foundations of Christianity. But the attacks of the above sect made to forward the interests of the enemies of Christ and of His Catholic Church; namely Jews, Masons, and International Protestants will be thoroughly frustrated by our daily constant intervention.

"We shall fight our enemies and their allied in fair fight . . . even if some of them may happen to wear the Episcopal mitre. . . .

"These new American Catholics have raised the banner of rebellion and treason, and in the name of Christ and of Paul, with the protection of the millionaire bishop without conscience and without religion, attack the true Church of Jesus Christ and the Papacy which is to-day the only bulwark of Religion and the only conservative power of social justice.

"We are decided then to wage a fierce war against this sect evidently inspired by Satan, against this so-called American Catholicism which possesses less Christian faith and charity than was possessed by the Mahomedan slaughterers of Armenians.

"We tell you at once, oh Monsignor Ireland, that your sacerdotal garb of Archbishop of the Holy Roman Catholic Church will never allow you to become unfaithful to that pure faith that shines brilliant on the brow of the shepherds intrusted by God with the mission of leading the flock of Jesus Christ.

"The mitre that you wear renders you incompatible with the place of combat you have taken against the whole organization of the Church of Rome.

"Be honest, then, and let your position be clearly defined. Either throw aside the sacerdotal vestment, like it was done by Father Gavazzi, or loyally submit to the duties to which the position you hold in the Roman gerarchy compells you to obey.

"Put the mask aside, oh Monsignor Ireland! For acting as you do is utterly unbecoming of a gentleman and a priest.

"In any case let us remind you that here in Rome; apostolic seat of Peter and Paul, on this soil rendered sacred, and venerated by the blood spilled by the first Christian martyrs, you would bring in vain the sacrilegious echo of an American schism. Here in Rome, where Christ himself is Roman, where the old and the new world centres, rises sublime and makes itself felt the only true holy spirit of the Man of Nazareth. And the mighty voice of the sublime spirit enjoins to you, through the medium of his poor humble followers, in the name of the Almighty God and of the Archangel Michael, to bow down before the Vicar of Jesus Christ and deny the blasphemous theories of the heretical sect styled with the name of 'American Catholicism,' which is embodied by you"—and so on.

Though Archbishop Ireland was called to Rome ostensibly to explain certain events connected with the war, it might be thought that the Pope, before setting his foot down, would have seized the opportunity to question him in regard to Americanism. As a matter of fact, the Pope's letter on this subject was written before Archbishop Ireland had been received by him. The letter to which I refer is from the Pope to Cardinal Gibbons. It was published in the *Voce della Verità* of February 22, bears the date of January 22, and was posted from Rome on or about February 10. It is an interesting document. To appreciate it we must bear in mind that the Paulist Order, founded by Father Hecker, was sanctioned by Pius IX., and that Father Hecker's doctrines were thoroughly understood at that time. But his liberalism seemed of little importance until it had taken root in France, where the Abbé Charbonnel was forced to leave the Church owing to his eager approbation of the doctrine; until the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, participation in which by Cardinal Gibbons and others was considered by the conservative Catholics as the action of renegades; and until the speech of Mgr. Keane at Brussels in 1894, when he approved in the strongest terms the meeting at Chicago. Since these events the Jesuits and conservatives have realized the strength of the party of common sense that is opposed to them.

The Pope's Encyclical Letter begins with certain platitudes of friendship, after which, warming to his work, his Holiness says that he desires to warn his beloved son of certain dangers to the Church, dangers that find their expression in the 'Life of Father Hecker.' He then considers in detail the leading features of Hecker's principles, and undertakes to refute all the liberal contentions. It is, he writes, a mistake to believe in the satisfactory working of the Holy Spirit in the individual who lacks external guidance; Hecker's distinction of natural and supernatural, of active and passive virtues is declared erroneous. These passive virtues were, according to Hecker, of great value at the time of the Reformation, because of the character of the absolute governments then existing, and as a defence against Protestant attacks on the Church. Now, on the contrary, in democratic times, when the citizens rule, and to do so have to develop their intelligence, the active virtues are those to be cultivated. This, says the Pope, is an entire mistake. As for the formation of religious Orders the members of which shall

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not be bound by vows (one of the features of the Paulist Order), the Pontifical letter states that while these are permissible, they are in no way to be compared with Orders subject to vows, whose members have given up their all to follow Christ. Familiar discourses and discussions with Protestants may be allowed only if the local bishop sees fit to sanction them. Having thus condemned the liberal doctrines, his Holiness continues, at the end of the letter: "Thus, from what we have said up to this point, it is clear, O dearly beloved Son, that we cannot approve of those opinions which, taken as a whole, are entitled 'Americanism' "; but he states that by this term he means the doctrines that have been mentioned, and not the intellectual or material conditions of America. Unquestionably, he suggests, American bishops themselves will repudiate the name of Americanism as supremely insulting to themselves and to their nation.

This letter has been replied to by both Archbishop Ireland and Mgr. Keane. They disclaim all sympathy with any who may believe or teach such heresies as are mentioned in the Encyclical. Both letters are couched in much the same terms. Archbishop Ireland (see the *Voce della Verità* of February 25) hastens to thank his Holiness for the love he displays towards the Catholics in America. At last everything is clear, and those errors which "certain persons" have desired to hide behind the name of Americanism are manifest. Considering the discussions aroused by the 'Life of Father Hecker' it was time, says the Archbishop, for the First Shepherd to speak and to restore quiet.

"Assuredly, with all the strength of my soul, I repudiate and condemn all those opinions which the Apostolic Letter repudiates and condemns—all those false and dangerous opinions to which, as the Letter says, 'certain persons give the name of Americanism,' . . . and I repudiate and condemn them with all the greater eagerness and heartfelt joy since never, for a single instant, has my Catholic faith and my understanding of the teachings and practices of the Holy Church permitted me to open my spirit to like extravagances. . . . Most Holy Father, those are enemies of the Church in America and infidel interpreters of the faith who 'imagine' that there exists, or that any one desires to form in the United States, a church differing in even an iota from the Holy and Universal Church which other nations acknowledge, which Rome herself, the infallible guardian of the revelation of Jesus Christ, now or hereafter acknowledges."

Mgr. Keane says (*Voce della Verità*, February 28):

"As for myself, I declare that I accept and admit completely and unreservedly everything that Your Holiness sets forth in this letter. I declare that I repudiate and condemn everything therein condemned by Your Holiness, and I declare to Your Holiness, calling God to witness, that I have never in my life taught or maintained any part of what is therein reproved by Your Holiness."

To sum up: the liberal doctrines of Father Hecker, tacitly approved by Pius IX., and advocated by the most intelligent American prelates and priests as well as by a large party in Europe, are now by Leo XIII. said to be heretical and untenable.

RICHARD NORTON.

THE LAST OF THE CONDÉS.

PARIS, March 8, 1899.

Princesses who remain unmarried are the sacrificed figures in history. Sometimes a writer becomes attracted by the name of one, but it is rare if the consequent biography be not written in a banal and purely apologetic style, and, therefore, very uninteresting. This can, however, not be said of a biography of 'La Dernière des Condé,' which has just been written by M. Pierre de Ségur. This author not long ago wrote his first work, on Madame Geoffrin, under the title of 'Le Royaume de la Rue St.-Honoré'; he drew a good picture of the interesting "Mother of the Philosophers" and of her circle. What took him from the Rue St.-Honoré to Chantilly, where lived the last of the Condés? It was probably the knowledge that he would find some inedited documents in the archives of the château, which now belongs to the Institute. In a room in one of the towers, which was called by the Duke d'Aumale "La salle des gemmes," is a most charming miniature of Louise-Adélaïde de Condé, as a girl, with her hair flowing naturally, a very thin black ribbon around her neck, and a sort of white flowing gown, as easy, almost, as a night-gown. This is the only portrait of Louise-Adélaïde de Condé known to me; it is really a gem.

She was born in Paris, at the Hôtel de Condé, the 6th of October, 1757. Her father, Louis-Joseph de Bourbon Condé, was the son of the Duke de Bourbon, who had been the chief of the Council of Regency during the minority of Louis XV., and who died in 1740, leaving only a son. The Duchess de Bourbon died the year after, and Louis-Joseph was married at the age of seventeen to Charlotte Godfried de Rohan-Soubise, daughter of the Marshal de Soubise. Charlotte de Soubise was handsome, and the Prince de Condé fell in love with her, and was allowed to marry her, though she was not of royal blood. The first child was a boy, who took the name of Duke de Bourbon; the second was Louis-Adélaïde, the heroine of M. Pierre de Ségur. The two children became orphans at a very early age, as their mother died on the 7th of March, 1760, only twenty-three years old.

Louise-Adélaïde was educated in the abbey of Beaumont-les-Tours, near Tours, the abbess of which was her great-aunt, Henriette de Bourbon-Condé, who bore the name of Madame de Vermandois (she had refused in her youth to be married to Louis XV.). Louise-Adélaïde remained seven years under the stern direction of this abbess. She left Beaumont to enter the abbey of Pauthémont in Paris, where unmarried princesses, according to the fashion of the time, remained until they were twenty-five years old. She found there, in an establishment which was at once worldly and religious, more worldly than religious, her cousin Bathilde d'Orléans, who became afterwards her sister-in-law. "The two girls had their private apartment, their separate establishment, their table, to which they admitted in turn some of their companions, or even their mistresses, such as were fortunate enough to please them. A lady in waiting for each of them, several servants, completed the appearance of a miniature court, where some happy few, inscribed on a special list, were authorized to offer their homage and to bring news from the outside world." The Princess of Condé lost her companion when, at the age of fourteen and a half, Bathilde d'Orléans married the young Duke of Bourbon. It had been agreed that the young bride should go back to the convent after the ceremony, but she eloped literally with her young husband—an incident which gave much amusement to the court. At the age of thirteen, Mademoiselle de Condé was presented, and from that day she was merely called Mademoiselle (at the age of twenty-one she resumed the name of Mademoiselle de Condé).

She was allowed to go from time to time to Versailles, to Chantilly, to Vanves, where her brother had a house, which he offered his sister for her own use. When she was sixteen years old, she had a great disappointment. The young Count d'Artois had manifested an interest in her for some time, and it was thought that he would marry her. It was the wish of the Prince de Condé. The Prince and his son had fallen from grace by the part which they had taken in the quarrel between the Court and the parlements; but the Prince de Condé had become reconciled with Chancellor Maupeou, and the projected marriage of the Princess with the Count d'Artois was one of the motives which induced the Prince de Condé to abandon the cause of the parlements. Negotiations had, however, been entered into in another direction, and the Count d'Artois was affianced to a Princess of Savoy, Marie-Thérèse. This event disgusted the Princess Louise not only with the Court but with the world, and with the idea of contracting a marriage. Her disappointment was so great that she systematically rejected all the offers made to her, by the Duke of Aosta, the Prince de Carignan, the Prince des Deux-Ponts, Stanilas-Auguste Poniatowski, King of Poland; she was determined not to give her hand if she could not give her heart at the same time.

Her father tried to console her, and asked her to come to Chantilly. On the 1st of June, 1777, she made her first visit since her infancy to this house, and promised to make a visit every year. She was now twenty years old. Her father could not keep her at his own house in Paris, where he lived openly with the Princess of Monaco, who played the part of a wife for him, though she was only his mistress. "This *liaison*," says M. de Ségur, "which a duration of nearly half a century was to make almost respectable, did not hinder love affairs *de passage*. Madame de Monaco, jealous and bad-tempered, took things tragically, and there were, in this sad union, sometimes scenes of violence and sometimes sermons on morality in which, according to an eyewitness (Madame de Bombelles), the Prince de Condé seemed very uneasy and *petit garçon*." The rest of the family were not more edifying; neither the brother of the Princess, the Duke de Bourbon, nor her grandfather, the Marshal de Soubise, was a model of scrupulous morality.

"I find," writes M. de Ségur, "in the letters of the Princess an anecdote which shows this well enough. One day the Duke de Bourbon, who had been married several years, had a child by his mistress, Mademoiselle Michelon, called Mimi, a dancer at the Opéra. He had the strange idea of choosing his young sister to be godmother to the child, and it was the Prince de Soubise who came, dying of laughter, to insist that his grandchild should accept this title and this function. Feeling that there was something suspicious in the offer made to her, she declined it, and she applauded herself for this when she afterwards knew the whole truth."

The Prince de Condé gave his sister at Chantilly a separate apartment, and built for her in Paris a charming hôtel in the neighborhood of the Invalides. (The last proprietor of this hôtel, which is in the Rue de

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Monsieur, was the Marquis of Chambrun.) Mademoiselle de Condé divided her existence between Chantilly and the Rue de Monsieur.

The Dukes of Bourbon had in the thirteenth century their principal stronghold near Bourges; not far from it is the little town of Bourbon-d'Archambault, a thermal residence. The waters of this little place were much the fashion in old times. During the season of 1786, Mademoiselle de Condé became acquainted there with a gentleman of Britanny, Louis-Marc Magon, Marquis de la Gervaisais. He was an officer, twenty-one years old, and was taking the waters in order to cure completely a wound he had received. He was not handsome, nor brilliant; was timid, even shy; fond of literature, and himself a writer. Louise de Condé found him "very different from the others" whom she used to see at the suppers at Chantilly. She felt for him a growing interest, which by degrees ended in love. She never thought of marrying him; it did not enter her mind for an instant that she could do so. They spent several weeks together, in the liberty of a watering-place, exchanging ideas on every subject. They made together dreams which they knew could never be realized. They played comedy together on an amateur stage of the Prince de Condé's. The young officer himself wrote a comedy for the occasion: "L'Impromptu de Village." He veiled in it his own sentiments and those of the Princess. The Prince de Condé easily discovered the nature of his daughter's sentiments. When they returned to Paris, and La Gervaisais had returned to his garrison, they wrote to each other. He obtained permission to go to Paris, but he did not stay long. People were beginning to talk; the reputation of the Princess was in question; she would not marry Gervaisais, and she felt that she must renounce the pleasure of seeing him. She wrote him a letter which was a supreme adieu; he made no reproaches; the rupture was complete. He left the army, travelled, and married. (He died as late as 1838.)

Louise de Condé was named abbess of the noble chapter of Saint-Peter of Remiremont. The thirty-two nuns of this old abbey had a very mundane life; all that was required to enter it were proofs of a very ancient nobility. The Princess made a solemn entry in 1787; she was to be the last abbess. She was with her father at Chantilly on the 14th of July, 1789, when the news of the fall of the Bastille was announced to them; on the 17th, the Condés, with some retainers on horseback, and the Princess de Condé in a carriage, left Chantilly for Péronne. The Princess had to take in her carriage Mme. de Monaco. "Natural antipathy and legitimate prejudices disappeared in this situation, in the presence of imminent danger and a common devotion." On the road beyond Péronne, the Condés met the two young sons of the Count d'Artois, the Duke de Berri and the Duke d'Angoulême, accompanied by their governor. "They thought that they were going to a review, and were very gay, while they were conducted out of France to join their parents, who had fled. All along the road, as far as the frontier, cries were heard of 'Vive le Tiers!' and 'À bas la noblesse!' "

We will not follow the Princess de Condé in her numerous peregrinations during the emigration. M. de Ségur enters into minute details on this rather checkered part of her existence, spent in so many different places, finally a little more tranquil in England. After the Restoration, she was allowed to found an order on the site of the Temple, which had been the prison of Louis XVI. and his family, the "Order of Perpetual Adoration." She kept her name of Sœur Marie Joseph de Miséricorde. Her life becomes completely veiled; she sees little even of her family; she is the Prioress of the Temple, and is occupied solely with her little flock. She fell ill in the beginning of 1824, and died peacefully, without great suffering, on the 10th of March.

Correspondence.

THE FILIPINO'S PASSION FOR LIBERTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: This note from Guyau's 'Education and Heredity,' p. 101, seems worth reprinting:

"What has always distinguished the savages of the Philippines from the other Polynesian races is their indomitable passion for liberty. In a massacre on the island of Luzon, made by native soldiers under the order of a Spanish officer, a little black, of about three years old, was seized by the troops and brought to Manila. An American obtained permission from the Government to adopt him, and he was baptized under the name of Pedrito. As soon as he was old enough, efforts were made to give him all the instruction that could be obtained in that remote land. The old residents of the island, knowing the character of the Negritos, laughed in their sleeves at the attempts made to civilize the lad, and predicted that sooner or later the youth would return to his native mountains. Thereupon his adopted father announced that he would take Pedrito to Europe. He took him to Paris and London, and only returned after two years of travel. On his return, Pedrito spoke Spanish, French, and English with all the facility with which the black races are gifted; he wore thin patent-leather boots, and 'everybody in Manila still remembers the grave manner, worthy of any gentleman, with which he received the first advances of those who had not been introduced to him.'

"Two years had scarcely elapsed after his return from Europe when he disappeared from the house of his patron. Those who had laughed now had their hour of triumph. It would probably never have been known what had become of the adopted child of the philanthropic Yankee, if a European had not come across him in a remarkable way. A Prussian naturalist, a relative of the celebrated Humboldt, resolved to make the ascent of Mount Marivelis, a mountain not far from Manila. He had almost reached the summit of the peak when he suddenly saw before him a swarm of little blacks. The Prussian prepared to sketch a few faces, when one of the savages came forward and smiled, and asked him in English if he knew an American in Manila of the name of Graham. It was our Pedrito. He told his whole story, and when he had ended, the naturalist in vain endeavored to persuade him to return with him to Manila.—Vide *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 15th, 1869."

If to catch them in infancy and tenderly nurture them to years of discretion, if to baptize them, teach them French and English, and put them into thin patent-leather shoes, is not going to tame them, how can we hope that our Gatlings in a brief month or two will quell their "indomitable passion for liberty"? Verily it is a strange burden the white man has taken upon himself.

S. M. Ilsley.

Santa Barbara, Cal., March 20, 1899.

THE GREEK FOR "JINGO."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following passage from Isokrates (*De Pace*, §12) is not inappropriate in these days:

"I am surprised that the older men no longer remember, and that the younger ones have not heard from anybody, that we never yet suffered any evil from following those who advised us to maintain peace; whereas, because of *those who lightly* [or "recklessly," as ῥᾳδίως may be translated] *choose war* we have before now found ourselves involved in many and serious disasters."

Respectfully, Addison Hogue.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

FACSIMILES OF GREEK AND LATIN MSS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the meeting of librarians held in Chicago in 1893, it was proposed by Dr. Hartung, of Halle, that an association be formed for the publication of photographic reproductions of important Greek and Latin manuscripts. The plan of an association fell through, chiefly for financial reasons; but at the suggestion of the late Dr. Du Rieu of the University Library at Leyden, Mr. A. W. Sijthoff undertook to publish, at his own risk and expense, twelve important manuscripts. Since the death of Dr. Du Rieu his successor in the directorship of the University Library, Dr. S. G. De Vries, is acting as editor-in-chief of the series. Two volumes have appeared ('Vetus Testamentum Graece, codicis Sarraviani-Colbertini quae supersunt,' with preface by Henri Omont, and 'Codex Bernensis 363,' with preface by Hermann Hagen), and the third volume ('Plato: Codex Oxoniensis Clarkianus 39,' with preface by Thomas W. Allen) is nearly ready.

The publication of the series of manuscripts was undertaken with the hope that those libraries and institutions of learning which could not expect to possess important manuscripts in the original, would be glad to obtain accurate reproductions. Certainly nothing could be of greater advantage to palæographical and text-critical studies in America than the possession by our libraries and universities of such reproductions as those published by Mr. Sijthoff. The expense of publication is so great that the series cannot be continued without loss unless the sale of the volumes is increased. Each volume costs from $40 to $50, but the purchase of one volume does not bind the purchaser to subscribe for the series. Orders may be sent to Mr. A. W. Sijthoff, Leyden.

Believing that it is of special importance to American scholars that the reproduction of important manuscripts be continued, I venture to ask you to publish this letter.

Yours truly, Harold N. Fowler.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., March 24, 1899.

"THE LAW OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with the interesting correspondence in your columns as to "the law of the road," I notice a couple of references to Canada that are not altogether accurate. The law in Ontario is, and always has been, "Turn to the right on meeting, and pass on the left when overtaking." The first statute to that effect was passed in 1853 and has remained practically unchanged to the present day. A report on early town meetings is in preparation in this department,

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and the following entries taken therefrom may be of interest:

"Newark (Niagara) 5th March, 1797: Resolved, That all teams, carriages, etc., coming to town should keep the road, and those going from town to turn out for them."

"Niagara, 7th March, 1808: Resolved, That carriages on meeting should give half the road, keeping the right-hand side."

It will be seen, therefore, that the practice in Ontario is that of the Northern States, whence the first settlers came. In Nova Scotia, I believe, the English custom was adopted, and is still followed.

It may be of interest also to know that, on double-tracking its line, the Grand Trunk Railroad adopted the English practice of running on the left-hand track.

C. C. JAMES.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
TORONTO, March 25, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent Mr. E. F. Merriam is certainly at least partially in error when he says in your issue of March 23, "In Canada the English custom of keeping to the left is retained." Born and raised in the province of Ontario, I never heard of such a custom being in vogue there, and I know that it is not in the province of Quebec. I do not dispute the observance of the rule in St. John, N. B., but I learned of it only from the editorial note in a recent number of your paper.—Respectfully,

A. M. DONOVAN.

DETROIT, MICH., March 25, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The universal rule of the road in Halifax and throughout this province, the rule recognized by law, is to turn to the *left* on meeting. It is one of the first things the visitor notices. Here the English tradition has been unbroken. The same rule is very strictly enforced in Jamaica.

Yours, etc., A. MACMECHAN.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE,
HALIFAX, N. S., March 18, 1899.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of my 'Romanticism' (March 16), you say: "The author's uncertainty as to the spelling of the name 'Warton' ('Wharton' at pp. 179, 307, etc.) will cause confusion, to readers who do not know that the two are variant writings of the same name."

But they are not variant writings of the same name. The Wharton mentioned on pp. 179 and 307 was Dr. Thomas Wharton of Old Park, near Durham, Gray's lifelong friend and correspondent.

If your reviewer catches me anywhere bestowing the aspirate upon Joseph or Thomas Warton, I shall beg him to lay the blame upon the printer. HENRY A. BEERS.

NEW HAVEN, March 20, 1899.

[The error is ours. The fact that Prof. Beers refers to Dr. Wharton (p. 179) as the "Rev. Thomas Wharton," assisted in misleading us. Thomas Wharton was an M.D.; Thomas Warton a B.D. Moreover, the name "Wharton" does not appear in the index to the work under review.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Macmillan Co. have nearly ready 'Electricity in Town and Country Houses,' by Percy E. Scrutton, with illustrations; and 'The American Art Annual,' edited by Florence N. Levy, and including a complete record of painters, their works for 1898, directories of art dealers, etc., etc.

M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels have in preparation 'A Glossary to Accompany Departmental Ditties as Written by Rudyard Kipling,' and 'The Religion of Mr. Kipling,' by W. B. Parker.

A new edition of Maupassant's 'Pierre and Jean,' translated by Hugh Craig and illustrated, is forthcoming from Brentano's.

'Early Chapters in Science,' by Mrs. Awary, will shortly be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have in press 'The Bee People,' by Margaret Warner Morley.

A 'Handbook of Labor Literature,' compiled by Miss Helen Marot of the Free Library of Economics and Political Science, Philadelphia, and 'Pauperizing the Rich,' by Alfred J. Ferris, are to be issued by T. S. Leach & Co., Philadelphia.

The bound volumes for 1898 of *Harper's Round Table*, *Magazine*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar* make comprehensively a solid library of pictorial chronicle and entertainment. The *Magazine* we have epitomized from month to month. The *Weekly* opened at peace with all the world, with a cartoon showing a pretty legacy to the new year of Dingley deficit, Hawaii, and Cuba (as an object of sympathy). To the cartoonist our fraudulent pensions seemed next the most inviting butt in the following five weeks. The sending of the *Maine* to Havana was recorded as a wise and friendly measure for the support of Blanco. Its destruction in February did not make the *Weekly* Jingoish. By the middle of March the cartoonist found his cue in "fifty millions for defence"; towards the end of April in "Cuba Libre." From that date, Mr. Carl Schurz's signed weekly article disappeared, and then the war and "expansion" perforce took outward possession of the paper, and the cartoonist ends with the white elephant of our Eastern Problem as 1898's legacy to 1899. The vicious circle of the year's politics is complete.

The *Bazar* increasingly shows that its woman's world is not so remote from man's as it once was. Mr. T. W. Higginson continues to hyphen them with his "Women and Men" articles; and, of course, the late war involved the sympathies and humane activities of the non-combatant sex. The demise of Gladstone and Bismarck forced attention as surely as that of the Queens of Denmark and Austria; of William Black as of Maria Louise Pool. Then in the great portrait gallery of Red Cross nurses, of the heads of the higher education for women, of officers of women's clubs and federation of clubs, one remarks the little group of women street-car conductors illustrating the experiment made at Chilicothe, Ohio.

With 'Denis Duval' (the volume including also the "Roundabout Papers," "Lovel, the Widower," and "The Wolves and the Lamb"), we come to the twelfth of the thirteen volumes of the Biographical Thackeray (Harpers). Mrs. Ritchie's notes on her father's life apparently end here. A great deal of delightful material, old and new, has been given by her in the several introductions, and it seems but a reasonable demand on the publishers that the whole should be bound up and sold separately, a formal life of Thackeray being out of the question. In no single introduction of the twelve, we think, has the true personal note of the man and the writer been more clearly sounded than in the present one. Mrs. Ritchie quotes many striking tributes to Thackeray; nothing, perhaps, more satisfactory both as tribute and criticism than this from Cardinal Newman: "His last fugitive pieces ["Roundabout Papers"] in the *Cornhill* were almost sermons." *O si sic omnes!*

All signs fail if the bulky volume, 'Live Questions,' stamped in *silver* on the back, and comprising the papers, speeches, interviews, messages, and apologia of ex-Gov. Altgeld of Illinois, is not calculated to cause insomnia in Col. Bryan. As McKinley's ambition was foreshadowed in a similar compilation, and Bryan's in yet another, so this anarchistic-minded and looking Illinois politician is apparently setting his cap for a Presidential nomination. Nor is he unmindful of Mrs. Bryan's part in her husband's campaign, for he accompanies his own portrait with that of Mrs. Altgeld. Like the rival "literature" just mentioned, this volume is not readable in any intellectual sense; but it is not to be despised by those who wish to know what way we are drifting.

Under the title of the 'Life and Sayings of Râmakrishna' (Charles Scribner's Sons), the well-known missionary Vivekânanda has collected what is known of his spiritual master's earthly career and the logia attributed to him. The life is that of the ordinary Hindu visionary and theosophist, one so ignorant that he cannot read Sanskrit, so inspired that he instructs the most learned in the deeper wisdom of Hindu philosophy. He is not a charlatan, he is spiritual, but he is essentially an insane man, credited with divinity in which he himself believes; a mystic of the usual type, who yet speaks in rather clever sayings to the adoring multitude. Vivekânanda gives us a collection of nearly four hundred of these winged words. Many of them are clearly inspired, as, for instance: "The Lord can pass an elephant through the eye of a needle"; for, like all the modern teachers of India, Râmakrishna drew his inspiration from all sides. Of the longer sayings showing considerable shrewdness there is space to quote only one. The Master said: "Everything that exists is God." The pupil understood it not in the true spirit. While passing through a street he met with an elephant. The driver (on the elephant's head) shouted "Move away!" The pupil said, "I am God, so is the elephant also God. What fear has God of himself?" Thinking thus he did not move. At last the elephant dashed him aside. He was hurt, and going back to the Master he related the adventure. The Master said, "All right, You are God. The elephant is God also; but God in the shape of the elephant-driver was warning you also from above. Why did you not pay heed to his warnings?" The book is edited by Prof. Max Müller, who has contributed an introduction and put his own name on the title-page, though Vivekânanda is the real author.

Those interested in Sanskrit literature will find a trustworthy summary of the 'Râmâyana' and 'Mahâbhârata' in a little book by J. C. Oman, principal of Khalsa College, Amritsar (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan). The author writes with tem-

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pered admiration and with a knowledge of Hindu character not always possessed by those who criticise Hindu literature. This "sketch of a great picture," as it is modestly called, lies midway between the skeleton analysis that is usually given in books on Hindu literature, and a complete translation. The latter fills several large volumes, but this one little duodecimo, representing very fairly the chief incidents and giving a complete outline of the two great epics of India, may be recommended as useful to all save Sanskrit scholars, for whom, however, the book is not intended.

The sixth volume of Dr. Hans Blum's 'Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit' (Munich: Beck) ended with the celebration of Bismarck's eightieth birthday in 1895 and was intended to be the conclusion of the work. After the death of the illustrious statesman, the author and publisher deemed it their duty to issue an additional volume describing the events of his life till the time of his decease. The contents of the seventh volume consist chiefly of a record of private and personal incidents, interspersed with expressions of opinion concerning public affairs and questions of internal politics, derived principally from the columns of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the mouthpiece of the retired Imperial Chancellor. An excellent index to all seven volumes is especially welcome, and greatly enhances the value of this popular biography.

Dr. Herman Schell, Professor of Apologetics in the University of Würzburg, published two pamphlets entitled 'Der Katholicismus als Prinzip des Fortschrittes' and 'Die Neue Zeit und der Alte Glaube,' which are liberal and progressive in spirit and endorse the tendency known as "Americanism" in the Catholic Church. These writings, after having passed rapidly through several editions, have now been placed on the Index Expurgatorius and are thus officially forbidden to the faithful. This attempt of Italian Jesuits, of whom the Index Congregation is principally composed, to put the works of a German scholar under ban, has created intense excitement in Würzburg, and called forth loud protests of students and prominent citizens against such a measure. On entering his lecture-room, Prof. Schell was the object of enthusiastic ovations on the part of his admirers, who were so numerous that not half of them could gain admittance, so that it was necessary to adjourn to the *auditorium maximum* of the University, which also proved to be too small to receive them. He assured his hearers that he should hold fast to his views as already expressed, and remain "an unswerving champion of the truth," devoting his life to its defence. Three days later, however, Prof. Schell's fortitude failed him, and he tamely and unreservedly submitted to the arbitrary decree of the Index Congregation, and promised to bring his teachings into harmony with the decisions of the papal hierarchy.

While the new German civil code, which will enter into force on January 1, 1900, does not in every respect fulfil the wishes of the most advanced advocates of the woman's cause, a perusal of Prof. Dr. Planck's brief comments on some of the more important paragraphs of the new law ('Die rechtliche Stellung der Frau nach dem bürgerlichen Gesetzbuche,' Göttingen) will convince any candid person that, in the main, the new law greatly improves the legal status of women in Germany. Thus, the changes from older statutes relating to the right of married women to hold property, or engage in business of their own, are all in their favor, and it is gratifying to notice how generally a fair and humane spirit seems to have guided the lawmakers in their difficult task.

The *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for March contains an historical sketch of the original territory of the United States, by David J. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, in which he quotes this characteristic saying of Franklin's to Jay on the Spanish claim to control over the Mississippi: "Poor as we are, yet, as I know we shall be rich, I would rather buy at a great price their right on the Mississippi than sell a drop of its waters. A neighbor might as well ask me to sell my street door." There is also a topographical and geological description of Porto Rico, by R. T. Hill of the United States Geological Survey, with illustrations of scenery.

The natural resources of the Barren Lands of Canada are discussed, in a paper by J. B. Tyrrell, in the Scottish *Geographical Magazine* for March. The territory treated lies to the west of Hudson's Bay and north of the line of the mean summer temperature of 50 degrees F., and occupies an area of about 400,000 square miles. "In its general character the country is a vast undulating plain, underlain by a stony clay, and covered with short grass or deciduous Arctic plants." In it have been discovered large belts of rock containing iron and copper; the latter seeming to extend for about 500 miles along the Arctic coast, both east and west of the Coppermine River. A narrative of zoölogical explorations last summer in the Barents Sea is by W. S. Bruce. Both papers are illustrated.

The Fifteenth Annual Report of the Geographical Society of Berne contains an account of the changes in the Canton of Zurich since the middle of the seventeenth century observed in the position and extent of lakes and pools, of the forests and of vine-growth. There is, besides, a description of the Danube between Belgrade and the Iron Gates. Some interesting letters written from Algeria in 1840, valuable for their graphic pictures of its condition at that time and of its inhabitants, are published in the Sixteenth Report, for the year 1897. This further contains a paper by Dr. H. Zahler on disease in the popular beliefs of the Simmenthal, in the Bernese Oberland. The material is drawn from oral sources and from ancient manuscripts. It includes a great number of quaint remedies against and methods of treating various diseases, as well as curious receipts and much witch lore and other superstitious formulæ. These popular beliefs, the author holds, are the remains of scientific systems, partly derived from the Greek and Roman times and partly from the ancient Germans. They have not been invented or discovered by the people themselves, but are to be traced to a foreign origin.

"Shakspere's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre" is the title of a paper contributed to the current number of the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society by Albert H. Smyth. He gives an historical sketch of the "Apollonius Saga," from which the story is drawn, from its untraced origin in the late sophistic romance of Greece through a long line of translations, imitations, ballads, and plays to its culmination in Shakspere's "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." He considers it remarkable that a story known to almost every European language should have preserved an almost unaltered integrity for more than a thousand years. Shakspere is the first narrator to change the name of the hero. A series of correlated stories is discussed, and in an appendix is given in full the 'Gesta Romanorum' text. In the same number are two papers by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, entitled, "The Linguistic Cartography of the Chaco Region," and "On Two Unclassified Recent Vocabularies from South America."

The Milan *Perseveranza* of February 12 contains an article, five columns in length, by Michele Rajna of the Brera Observatory, regarding the vexed question of the exact date of the twentieth century. This learned astronomer, fortifying his position with astronomical and mathematical calculations, with numerous profound chronological citations, affirms that the nineteenth century will close with the year 1900. But he does not cherish the hope that he has definitely settled the prolonged discussion, for he himself reminds his readers that volumes were written in the year 1700 regarding the exact beginning of the change in the century, and again in 1800.

Another new star has been discovered at the Harvard Observatory, again by Mrs. Fleming, to whom we are already indebted for five of the six new stars found since 1885. This latest comer in the stellar family is in the constellation Sagittarius. An examination of the plates shows that a year ago it was of the fifth magnitude, but had sunk a month later, in April, to the eighth. A photograph taken a few days ago, on March 9, shows it as still fainter, having a brightness of only the tenth magnitude. Its spectrum, exhibiting fourteen bright lines, greatly resembles that of other new stars.

Prof. Edward C. Pickering, director of the Harvard Observatory, notifies the discovery, by his brother William, of a new and ninth satellite of the planet Saturn. It adds another to the triumphs of photography in the service of astronomy, the new body having been found on four plates exposed with the Bruce telescope at Arequipa in Peru. This additional moon of Saturn probably does not exceed 300 miles in diameter, and is so faint that but few of the great telescopes at present in existence are powerful enough to disclose it. Japetus, discovered at the Paris Observatory in 1671 by Dominique Cassini, has hitherto been regarded as Saturn's outermost moon, being at a distance of 2¼ millions of miles from the planet, and having a period of 79 1-3 days. But the new satellite is three and one-half times more distant than Japetus, and it consumes almost a year and a half in going once completely round Saturn. More than half a century has elapsed since a new satellite was added to the Saturnian system; the seventh moon, Hyperion, having been found by Prof. W. C. Bond at Harvard, on September 16, 1848.

The Franco-American Committee formed in 1895 is preparing, for Americans intending to study in France, a sort of guide which will give information of a general nature on the system and regulations of higher education in France, as well as special practical hints for foreign students. Inquiry may be made of the Corresponding Secretary of the committee, M. Henri Bréal, No. 70 Rue d'Assas, Paris.

Gen. Greely has had reproduced for the benefit of the Signal Corps a large general

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map of the Philippines, dated Manila, 1897, showing telegraphic and cable lines, lighthouses, etc., besides the political and, more or less crudely, the physical geography. There are no soundings given.

A monument to the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, author of a 'History of New York,' and editor of the *Magazine of American History*, is contemplated. Subscriptions to the fund may be sent to Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury, New Haven, Conn.

—A work almost appalling in the magnitude of its conception has been undertaken, by subscription, by R. Herndon Co., Boston, under the title, 'Universities and Their Sons.' The initial volume is one of five constituting the first series only, yet it counts, with the indexes, 738 quarto pages. It and the succeeding four deal with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia; and if the term "university" is not to be construed rigidly, the vista is colossal. The general editorship has been confided to Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, former President of Bowdoin College and Governor of Maine, and the aim of the series is declared to be not merely a summary history and exhibition of each university in its several departments and conscious life, but a demonstration of "the practical influence which these institutions of learning have had . . . in what we call 'business,' extending to industrial and commercial lines, and in fact to all that expresses itself in the character and prosperity of a nation." While the second volume will consist of biographical sketches of the personnel of the several university administrations, the remaining three will be composed of selected biographies of the "Sons"—and in this lies the "Pudels Kern" of the enterprise on its pecuniary side, as in similar cases. Needless to add that portraits will accompany the sketches when practicable. Of these portions no one can speak now. What is before us has been well planned and handsomely carried out. The characterization of Harvard has been executed by Mr. W. R. Thayer, editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine;* of Yale, by Prof. Charles Henry Smith; of Princeton, by Prof. John DeWitt and Mr. J. L. Williams; of Columbia, by Dean Van Amringe. With a natural difference in bulk as in literary quality, it may be said that the letter-press is altogether good, convenient for reference, and trustworthy. The illustrations are excellent and most abundant, and generally run parallel in the four divisions. The start, therefore, is all that could be desired.

—Mary Antin, a young Russian Jewess, emigrated to this country at the age of eleven, accompanying her mother, two sisters, and a brother, to rejoin the father already here. The child's story has just been published with a foreword from the pen of I. Zangwill, who disclaims any credit for having discovered an infant phenomenon; but he does consider the record as saved from the emptiness of embryonic thinking by being a spontaneous account of a real experience, the greatest in the child's life. Written in Yiddish as she travelled "From Plotzk to Boston," it was, two years later, or when Mary Antin was thirteen, translated into English remarkable in quality for any child, but particularly for one to whom the intricacies of the new tongue were so extremely novel. Two years still later, being now but fifteen, the young girl has written a prefatory note to the journal, which is published, under the above title, by W. B. Clarke of Boston. The profits, if any, are to be devoted to her farther education. Plotzk is in the central western portion of Russia, on the Düna River, and the fever of emigration to America had struck the whole region. The father of Mary Antin set out three years ahead of his family, and, during that time, hope and doubt and suspense were the portion of those left behind. At last the welcome summons came; and very soon the crowd of emigrants started forth upon their travels, all unknowing what lay before, and with the innocence of children as to how the coming experiences were to be met. The crowded, uncomfortable cars, the woes of quarantine detention when leaving the Russian frontier, amazement at the size and noise of Berlin, the drive across Hamburg, the days of enforced waiting before embarkation, the coming of Passover and the trembling doubt as to whether the emigrants would be allowed to keep the feast as its strict rules enjoined; the glad reception of the summons to go on board the *Polynesia*, and the first night at sea—all are set down with the enthusiasm of a child, and with much more than a child's power to express great experiences. Her narrative of the long voyage, her own emotions, what the ocean said to her, the first sight of land after seventeen days, the noise and confusion, the joy when "papa" was distinguished upon the wharf in Boston, after years of longing for his face, the official delays in landing, and then the rush, as six wild beings clung together, "bound by a common bond of tender joy"—all this is certainly what Mr. Zangwill calls it, "the raw stuff of art."

—Not unwarned, but unterrified, by the failures of a long line of hardy experimenters, Mr. W. J. Stone of King's College, Cambridge, essays once again the impossible, in a pamphlet entitled 'On the Use of the Classical Metres in English' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde). After some fifty pages of discussion and of laying down of rules of quantity—not uninteresting in themselves—he offers, as specimens of the results of his methods, a version of some hundred lines of the Nausicaa episode in the 'Odyssey,' and two of famous epigrams. By his fruits let him be known; the beautiful lament for Heraclitus appears in the following garb:

"Came hither, Heraclitus, a word of thy death, awaking
Me to sorrow, and I thought upon how together
We would see the sun out sweet-counselling: all that is of thee,
Dear Halicarnassian, long, long ago is ashes;
But thy nightingales will abide with us; on them of all things
Else the coming ravisher will not ever set his hand."

How to scan these 'Elegiacs' will be a pleasant little puzzle for the long winter evenings spent round many a classic lamp. The reader may rest assured that they strictly conform to Mr. Stone's "rules"; and Mr. Stone may haply some day learn that poetry is verse written by poets—not words weighed and measured by any system whatsoever.

—Johnston and Robertson's 'Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland,' which was originally issued in 1872, has just reached its third edition (Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston) under the care of Mr. William Kirk Dickson. The work has long been out of print, and is reproduced now, with certain changes, "in response to numerous inquiries." A slight glance at the contents will serve to show why the early editions were at once absorbed and why a new one is called for. Every true Highlander is interested in at least his own family history; and wherever the clan feeling is combined in the slightest degree with the historical sense, this book will be demanded. Its most conspicuous feature is a large folding map (32 inches by 24) which includes the whole of Scotland, and gives the clan territories in their relations both to the Lowlands and to the physical aspects of the Highlands. Following this come seven other clearly executed maps or plans, several full-page reproductions of portraits (Montrose, Dundee, and the two Pretenders), 175 pages of documents, illustrative text, etc., a bibliography of books on the Highland campaigns, and a full index. Such a combination of *utile dulci* cannot fail to capture the Scotchman or the historian. Not only are the clans represented in a state of quiescence, occupying certain districts, but copious notices of their military activity are added to the purely topographical description. Their badges are given both in Gaelic and in English, and also their war-cries. Among documents, Gen. Wade's Report on the Highlands in 1724 and the Disarmament Act in 1746 are cited in full. Finally, we should observe that the period to which the territorial subdivisions of the large map refer is the end of the sixteenth century. "This early date was selected because then most of the Highland tribes were still in occupation of the lands which they had inherited from their forefathers. During the troubles of the following century some of the weaker clans were deprived of their possessions by their stronger neighbors." We shall be much surprised if this atlas, in its improved and supplemented form, does not meet with the same success which attended the earlier editions.

—The Asiatic Society of Japan, which for the past year or two seemed to be in a moribund condition, has recently renewed its life and shows fresh vigor. Excellent papers have been presented on early English intercourse with Japan and on the moral training of the Japanese feudal nobility, especially in Mito. These will be published. The supplement to volume xxiv., now at hand, gives a valuable list of plants from Formosa, by Augustine Henry, who adds preliminary remarks on the geography, flora, and economic botany of the island. Formosa, lying between parallels 22 and 25 of north latitude, has an area of about 15,000 square miles; its length being 235 miles, and its greatest width 90 miles. It is a continental island, for in recent geological times it was connected with the mainland of China. Hence the flora, as thus far studied, is mainly Chinese in character. There are no exceptional types of vegetation known, and not a single genus peculiar to the island has as yet been discovered. Westwardly is the Formosa channel, very shallow and nowhere deeper than 100 fathoms. On the Pacific side, however, at a few rods from the shore the lead shows a thousand fathoms, and further out is an abyss of enormous depth. The highest cliffs in the world are on this eastward side, which indeed is a great mountain mass rising in peaks from nine to thirteen thousand feet high. The western half of the island is an alluvial plain, only slightly elevated above the sea. The plants of the plain are those of India and South China, while those on the mountains are near of kin to those in Central Japan and China. There is no marked winter season, and flowers are found in pro-

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fusion at Christmas time. Besides the cereals and ordinary crops, which are the same as those in South China, are camphor, tea, indigo, textile fibres in amazing variety, tumeric, dye-yam, rattan, mats, soap-fruits, rice-paper pith, and timber of almost every imaginable sort. Mr. Henry's pamphlet, though mainly a catalogue, with here and there illuminating comment, does but whet our curiosity for more, because the mountainous half of the island is practically unexplored. Indeed, he modestly calculates that only half of the plants of the island are now known. It is interesting to note that at least twenty of the very important Formosan plants known to the materia medica are nearly all of American origin. These have been introduced by the agency of man, and are now indistinguishable, except by their history, from the native flora.

—There is general rejoicing in Washington among the better sort, both within and outside of the Library of Congress, at the appointment of Mr. Putnam to the headship, and general consternation among those of the Library employees who regard the public service as the public trough. Mr. Putnam's acceptance is said to have at once increased the efficiency of the force 10 per cent. It is a melancholy instance of the way of doing things in Washington, and of the public's utter lack of comprehension of a great library's needs, that, until Mr. Barrows was rejected, not one of the candidates supported by Senators and Representatives for the direction of the most important library in the country had any library training, any library experience, or any other proved fitness for the place. Fortunately, the reputation of the country in a bibliothecal way has never depended on the national or the State libraries. It has been firmly established by our city and town libraries. They are ahead, far ahead, of those of any other country. But the National Library lags as far behind. In a building, to be sure—the least important factor in library success—the National Library is in the van. No great library building in the world surpasses it, or perhaps equals it, in adaptation to library purposes. In the other factors, the store of books, the system, the personnel, there has been much to desire. But now a capable head will soon bring the personnel and the system where they should be, and then Congress can hardly fail to place in his hands money enough to make the store of books worthy of a great nation. Within the country one of the best results of the appointment will be its ultimate effect on State libraries. When the head of the National Library is appointed for merit, it must be that in time our States will become ashamed of the way in which the office of State Librarian has been thrown about as a reward for political service.

FUR AND WHISKEY IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Forty Years a Fur-Trader on the Upper Missouri: The Personal Narrative of Charles Larpenteur, 1833-1872. Edited, with many critical notes, by Elliott Coues. In 2 vols. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1898. Pp. xxvii, 473. Maps, views, and portraits.

Fur lay at the first foundation of the United States. The facsimile "May Flower Log," p. 67, relates that, within a year of the Plymouth landing, a party who "went out altogether unprovided for trade," brought home two hogsheads of beaver bought for a few trifles, and estimated worth nearly £500. Soon afterward there is mention of 3,366 weight of beaver, "much of it coat-beaver which yielded 20s. per pound, and some of it above." But whereas, in the founding of New England, codfish was a fellow-factor with beaver, in the Mississippi valley fur had no such formidable rival. Two young fur-traders founded St. Louis in 1763. A voyage of more than three months up from New Orleans had convinced them that a new base for their industry was needed, nearer the habitat of fur-bearing animals. One of those founders, Auguste Chouteau, lived in St. Louis sixty-six years. He or his kindred established fur stations which were germs of Kansas City, St. Joseph, and other towns on the Missouri-Mississippi all along up to St. Paul and Fort Benton—the latter, 3,500 miles from the dual river mouth. Many of these stations became sites of Government posts; more developed into centres of agriculture, manufactures, or mediterranean thoroughfare and commerce. The history of the great valley thus twining its roots and rootlets amid fur industries, the rise and progress of those industries are some of the most important features in Western annals.

No man has done so much as Dr. Coues to accumulate and popularize knowledge on this subject. His new edition of Lewis and Clark illuminated every page of the old one, either from the original manuscripts or by countless collateral notes. The light thus thrown on the great fur rivers was scarcely greater than that he shed on the fur mountains and prairies by his three volumes on Pike, supplemented by another on Fowler. Similar was his illumination of the upper region where Pike had shown us only dawning rays. Thanks to the Thompson and Henry explorations, Dr. Coues could display the Canadian belt from Lake Superior to the mouth of the Columbia in all its amplitude, and that beginning in the eighteenth century. The work now before us on Larpenteur brings the series up to thirteen volumes, "congruing," a Shaksperian might say, "in a full and natural close, like music."

The six volumes from Larpenteur, Fowler, and Henry were all compiled from the original manuscripts of their authors, and had never before been printed. But for Dr. Coues, it is not likely they would any of them have been published at all. Their hair-breadth escapes before they came into his custody must soon have turned into catastrophes, and our zest in reading the pages is doubled by thinking how long their survival hung on an attenuated thread. The editor's persistence in quest of new material for building up the history of the American West during its infantile decades is noteworthy, and deserved the astonishing success which has crowned his labors. His finds within his chosen fields seem analogous to the recent classical discoveries through Egyptian excavations, and must encourage him to be sanguine of further success where others have despaired.

In our critical era, the narrative of Larpenteur will seem rather incredible to many, but not after reading the confirmations strong as proofs from Holy Writ which Dr. Coues has gleaned in undesigned coincidences of many varieties and from a cloud of witnesses. In this regard his annotations are on the model of Paley's 'Horæ Paulinæ'—a work we fear he has never read. Dr. Coues's text is made up from brief notes which had been jotted down all along during Larpenteur's active life, and from a large volume covering the same ground and written out by him in his last years. It was, however, a clerical copy of this journal which was first discovered. Rich, racy idioms abound throughout, which readers feel must have come hot from the heart of the adventurous frontiersman; but they are imbedded in matter of quite another style. Hence we are harassed by doubts on many a page how far we are perusing the genuine protevangelium. These doubts are doubled by a remark of the editor that "there was scarcely a sentence in all the original writing that did not need to be recast to some extent" (p. xxvi). The autobiographer may overrate his own exploits, like the fly on a coach-wheel crying, What a dust we kick up! But for such an infirmity we can make allowance, and know the editor has no share in that.

Larpenteur, when a boy of eleven years, was brought from France to Baltimore, and ten years thereafter was carried off by the Western fever to St. Louis. Five years later, in 1833, when twenty-six, he engaged in the fur trade, in which he persevered with little interruption for forty years, mainly on the upper Missouri and its affluents. His first objective point, the mouth of the Yellowstone, eighteen hundred channel miles above St. Louis, was reached by a circuitous route—so much so that at the Continental Divide it touched on waters which flow into the Pacific. In the course of this journey, Larpenteur, who had been reluctantly accepted as a common hand, gave proof of uncommon capacity and so was put in a position from which an incompetent clerk was displaced.

This first grand march of forty-five men on mule-back lasted five months, and glimpses of its nature we catch from pencillings by the way. Each man, nominally master of three mules, was often mastered by them. One was left behind by his trio and could not overtake them till evening; another was bucked off and thrown on a clump of prickly pear, etc. Days of work were followed by guard duty at night. A sleeper bitten by a mad wolf died of hydrophobia. So did a bull. Another bull, who survived, swam the Missouri with Larpenteur, who was a poor swimmer, hanging on his tail. Wages, in name $16.50 a month, were seldom anything at all, being spent before due, to eke out a ration more starveling than any in our Spanish war. Flour, sugar, salt, coffee, each were charged at a dollar a pint, and whiskey five dollars. Two guests of honor moved in the company—Dr. Harrison, a son of the future first President of the name, who took the tramp, trusting it would prove as efficacious as the Keely cure for drunkenness, and Capt. Stewart, a Waterloo veteran who went along just for fun. Sometimes a day's march ended at noon for building pens horse-high and bull-strong, lest their animals be spirited away in the night, and the men left as helpless as a bird without wings.

At the end of perils in the wilderness, the Journalist (as Larpenteur calls himself) worked at building a fort until his time of service expired. His employers were then bought out by their rivals, the American Fur Company, into which, thanks to his record, he was taken as a clerk. The headquarters of this corporation were at the

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mouth of the Yellowstone, the largest branch of the Missouri and not far from midway between its source and mouth. Their name was Fort Union, or The Big Fort. Here Larpenteur sat at the table of a master "who was always dressed in the latest London fashions." The truth is, that fur magnates were not a whit behind mediæval, feudal barons, either in irresponsible power or in fuss and feathers. The newcomer was tried in divers tasks and rewarded according to his merits. His promotion on the way up had been to take the place of a drunken clerk, and, thanks to his own temperance, he became a chief agent in Indian traffic. His customers, however, chose to trade by night, and this native preference laid on him trials of watchings among hordes whom he must first cheat and treat, and then "drag out doors by arms and legs" (p. 74). His whiskey was for a time supplied from a distillery secretly set up in the fort, and it was concocted of corn bought of squaws. Moreover, in spite of laws, penalties, officials (civil and military), whiskey came up on every boat from first to last. It seemed to fly in on the wings of the wind.

Larpenteur's arrival on the Yellowstone was one year after the first steamer had, in 1832, forced the first passage so far up stream. Nor was there in that earliest era more than one boat each year. One of these long-looked-for arrivals brought smallpox, but no vaccine matter. Vaccination being impossible, Indians were inoculated, but from so bad a subject that they nearly all died. Then followed suspicion, war, and revenge on the part of the savages. Our French clerk became more and more serviceable. He took an Indian wife and learned her language. His power among natives was thus increased, and he was early and often sent on missions to extend his company's sphere of influence. But his most frequent endeavor was to recover stolen horses—a species of property which, being able to carry itself off, as well as a thief and his thievery too—was unaccountably missing; not only after native visitors took leave, but while they were believed to be very distant. Whiskey sufficed for all the missionary's needs, rendering him everywhere and always *persona grata*. It was his credentials, it excused from the smoking the detested, it brought to light hidden horses, and redeemed them. In going to interviews it proved wise to conceal on the way half his liquor in the earth, as a reserve to be brought forth and turn the scale in a doubtful battle.

His services were whole-souled and effectual. Advances were made in his standing and salary, and before five years were over he had been granted half a sabbatical year. This vacation he spent in a journey to his father in Baltimore. In March, 1838, as soon as the ice broke, he, with one friend, started down the Missouri in a canoe with two oarsmen. The danger was no trifle, not only from ice-gorges, but because friendly Indians narrowly missed killing them as foes, and hostiles shot at them and pierced their boat with bullets. In returning, he was six weeks in the saddle in nightly perils of horse thieves, and more than once robbed. The next season, 1839, he was sent down to St. Louis, in charge of a fur fleet, a voyage profitable to his firm; yet he was not reengaged until his successor had been cashiered for drunkenness. The next spring, however, he steamed up triumphant and exultant to Fort Union, and was put in command of a party dispatched far from that base to build a new trading post, though soon recalled because "wanted mighty bad in the liquor department" (p. 175).

In 1846 he was sent up the great river from the Big Fort even above the future site of Fort Benton. About forty men were in his detail, and thirty of them on the river bank, each with a rope over his shoulder, cordelled his boat up stream for seventy days. At his northern goal he built a new fort and reached his glorified hour. But here he made what Dante would call the great refusal, for he would not serve under a West Pointer that was promoted over his head, and was thrown out of service. Henceforth the voyage of his life was bound in shallows and in miseries. He was indeed perpetually reëngaged, but year by year threw up his posts, or was thrown out of them. His own independent initiatives when he was the first man to drive a wagon from St. Paul to the Missouri, and to essay passing from the Missouri to the Flatheads, were failures. So were several partnerships in which he engaged. There is no room here for details, but no reader can lay down the book in which they are told to the life. Our final feeling is that the Journalist was of that class who, in the midst of failures, still find in a career without circumscription or confine a zest they could never taste did they abandon their unhoused free condition.

Larpenteur's disclosures make nothing more clear than that whiskey was fitly styled by Robert Hall "distilled damnation." Irving's almighty dollar was nothing compared to its pernicious potency in the fur trade. It broke through or crept through all laws and barriers. It turned every fort and fur camp into a saloon. It defrauded Indians of their peltry, crippled their hunting power, aggravated their fightings and diseases. The rank and file in fur companies it beguiled into a maximum of work for a minimum of wages. It so increased the risks of the fur business that the percentage of dealers who made money grew smaller and smaller, till they could all be counted on one's fingers, like the gleaning of grapes when the vintage is done.

There is one link wanting in Dr. Coues's bead-roll which we trust he will supply. It is the journal of D. W. Harmon, a Vermonter, "a servant and afterward a partner in the Northwest Fur Company," during the first two decades of our century—a service ended before Larpenteur's began. This production, never printed but once, and that eighty years ago, and not in a way adapted to keep it before the people, is almost as unknown as if it had remained in manuscript. It needs elucidation, and evinces the earnest endeavor of a New England Puritan to make the trade in furs a double blessing—to him who gives and him who takes. Alas, that the endeavor, however well meant, proved the proverbial twisting of a rope of sand.

SCOTTISH VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

Scottish Vernacular Literature: A Succinct History. By T. F. Henderson. London: David Nutt. 1898.

The want which the present volume is intended to supply has been for some time seriously felt by students of literature. A complete history of Scottish vernacular literature has not before been attempted except in such mere outlines as that of Nichol; and the treatments of parts of the field by Irving and Ross have long been out of date. Prof. Walker's 'Three Centuries of Scottish Literature' is the only recent essay in the field, and the period with which he deals falls after the great age of Douglas and Dunbar. What was needed was a survey of the whole ground, in which the author should avail himself of the material made accessible in the publications of the Text Societies, and should test and coördinate the results of the researches embodied in the introductions to these editions. This Mr. Henderson has attempted, and, on the whole, has accomplished satisfactorily.

The volume opens with a severely condensed account of the origin and growth of the Lowland Scottish vernacular itself, and in the course of this an outline is given of the history of Scotland down to the reign of David I. Considering the extremely obscure and difficult nature of the history of these early centuries, we could not expect in such a work as the present much fulness of discussion; but the condensation has been carried so far that readers for whom such a sketch is necessary will find it at points barely intelligible. The account of the dialect itself, however, is adequate, the author following, for the most part, the lines laid down by Dr. Murray. It is to be regretted that, with one exception, no references are given in this chapter to works in which a fuller discussion of the language or the history is to be found.

Into the main disputed questions connected with the earlier monuments of Scottish poetry Mr. Henderson has gone with considerable thoroughness, and in some cases with substantial results. In the matter of the authorship of the Scottish 'Sir Tristrem,' after a close examination of the passage from Mannyng's Chronicle, he seems to lean to Sir Walter Scott's view that the romance was, after all, written by Thomas of Erceldoune. Of the relation of this 'Tristrem' to the Continental versions of the same tale, however, he gives only a vague hint; and when he goes on to describe it as "at least the most elaborate and perfect of the early romances dealing with the story of Tristan and Ysoude," one suspects the thoroughness of his knowledge. This suspicion is confirmed more than once as the history proceeds; for it is precisely where a general knowledge of mediæval literature outside of Britain is required for a satisfactory treatment that the present work is least satisfactory. Thus, the 'Legends of the Saints' and the version of the story of Troy which have been attributed to Barbour, are passed over in a sentence each, no indication being given, save by the phrases "internal evidence" and "insufficient evidence," of the reasons for rejecting them. So, also, the whole question of the sources of Henryson's 'Fables' is disposed of in the parenthesis, "paraphrased from Æsop"—which, if it means anything, is far from a precise indication of the facts of the case. Again, in his account of Douglas's 'Palice of Honour,' Mr. Henderson repeats Small's suggestion of a relation between this poem and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a suggestion which has absolutely no plausibility in the face of the prevalence of such works as the 'Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine' of Deguilleville. Nor is it clear why he should say that "the distinctive note of 'The Palice of Honour' is the intermixture of Sacred History and the Christian Faith with Heathen Mythology" (p. 193), when a glance through the French literature of the centuries immediately preceding the date of

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that poem shows that this intermixture is a constant characteristic of that long line of allegories from which 'The Palice of Honour' is descended. The fact is that the value of the work of Mr. Henderson's predecessors in the field of early Scottish literature has been lamentably lessened by this very lack of a perception of its relation to preceding and contemporary Continental literature; and it is disappointing that, in this latest attempt, so scholarly in many respects, we should again have grounds for the same criticism.

On the question of the identity of "Huchown of the Awle Ryale," Mr. Henderson inclines to the usual opinion in favor of Sir Hew of Eglinton, his chief reason being that "his name could scarce have been omitted from the death-roll of Dunbar's stately 'Lament for the Makaris,'" and that no other name in that poem seems to fit. But James I.'s name does not occur in that roll, and the assumption that Dunbar meant his catalogue to be exhaustive is hardly justified. More satisfactory is the attempt to clear Barbour of the charge of having wilfully confounded his hero with his hero's grandfather, in order to get rid of the awkwardness of the patriot's early allegiance to the English king. It is pointed out that the misleading words, "the Brwss I spak of ayr" do not occur in Wyntoun's copy of Barbour, and so may be due, not to the poet, but to a copyist. Our author's further argument, that the falsification must have been exposed in Barbour's own genealogy of the Stewarts, seems hardly so strong as he believes, for this genealogy is lost, and we have no proof, since the Stewarts were connected with the Bruces on the female side only, that the 'Stewartis Oryginalle' contained anything about the Bruces farther back than Robert I.

The recent attack by Mr. J. T. T. Brown on James I.'s authorship of 'The Kingis Quair' is met and sufficiently answered. A very vigorous attempt is made to prove that 'Peblis to the Play' and 'Christis Kirk on the Green' are also the work of James I., and what seems an adequate reply is given to Prof. Skeat's objections on the score of language, metre, and inappropriateness to the character of "the moral and sententious James the First." But Mr. Henderson does not deal with the point that the identification of the poem 'At Beltayne,' which Major ascribes to James, with 'Peblis to the Play'—an identification about which he says "there is almost no doubt"—is made under the assumption that there was only one poem beginning with these words. Now 'At Beltayne' means, of course, "on May-day"; and when we consider how frequent such a beginning is in the contemporary poems in other languages, it seems easy to believe that half-a-dozen such may have disappeared among the mass of lost Scottish poetry. Further, is it easy to believe that a king, however great his sympathy with the commons, was likely to be able to describe, with so intimate a knowledge as these poems display, the rowdyism of a class of whose manners he must have remained, after all, a spectator?

But the most controversial chapter in the book is that dealing with "Traditional Ballads and Songs." Here Mr. Henderson makes a vigorous attack on the communal theory of the origin of ballads as held by Mr. A. Lang and Professor Gummere, maintaining that, "as regards the ballad poetry we actually possess," this theory is "founded rather on general *a priori* considerations than on minute inquiry into facts; and the more one seeks to have recourse to it for an explanation of individual examples of the literature for which it professes to account, the more unmistakably does it approve itself a mere 'broken reed.'" The value of his discussion is, however, greatly lessened by the fact that he takes his account of the theory he wishes to demolish, not from the most recent statement of it in Prof. Gummere's 'The Ballad and Communal Poetry' (Harvard Studies and Notes,' vol. v.), nor even from the same author's Introduction to his 'Old English Ballads,' but from Mr. Lang's twenty-year-old article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Thus he wastes much of his powder in attacking positions which no one now seeks to defend; and at the same time leaves unanswered the two most important of his opponent's arguments, viz., that from the impersonal quality which is the distinctive mark of the traditional ballad, and that from the community of subject-matter among the ballads and folk-tales of all nations.

Having thrown aside the communal theory as useless, at least as regards actually existing ballads, Mr. Henderson turns to the theories of minstrel authorship, professing on the whole an allegiance to that of Mr. Courthope, with modifications. The modifications are chiefly these: (1) that the later minstrels, who, according to Courthope, made the ballads out of material supplied by *chansons de geste*, romances, lays, or fabliaux, were not necessarily degenerate; (2) that "some of the Scots traditional ballads were originally the work of poets other than minstrels." This position he seeks to support by an investigation of the dates of those historical ballads which are supposed to be most ancient, the general tendency of his results being to reduce considerably the usual estimate of their antiquity. The only point we need note here is his suggestion that Sir Patrick Spens was really a Sir Patrick Vans, who was chosen ambassador to negotiate the marriage of James VI. with Anne of Denmark; and that what is perhaps the most famous of Scots ballads is thus only about three hundred years old (not *two* hundred as he, surely by a slip, says). The chapter closes with an admirably effective reply to the attempts of Chappell and others to deny the Scottish origin of any of the tunes to which the ballads and popular songs were traditionally attached.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Henderson's treatment of the Scottish poets in general is the attention he bestows on metre. His notes on versification in the 'Centenary Burns' had already led us to expect from him some more comprehensive treatment of Scottish metres, and we are not sure that it would not have been a gain had the valuable contributions here made to this subject been published separately. As it is, the amount of space devoted to technical discussion of this kind occasionally forces him to rather summary treatment of other things, as, for instance, when Sir David Lyndsay's 'Monarchie' is dismissed in four lines, in which it is spoken of as 'The Dialog,' no mention being made of it under its more usual title.

We have dealt in some detail with those opinions in the present volume which seemed to call for further discussion; but it would be a mistake to allow the consideration of these points, for the most part somewhat minute, to blind us to the general excellence of the work. Throughout, Mr. Henderson gives proof of a first-hand knowledge of nearly all the monuments he discusses; his appreciation is sympathetic and discriminating; and his style, if not one of much distinction, is clear and serviceable. The publication of the volume marks a step in the advance of Scottish scholarship.

Democracy: A Study of Government. By James H. Hyslop. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Should all those who have like feelings concerning our politics accept Prof. Hyslop's proposals, we might soon look for better times. Undoubtedly, a very general feeling of distrust and apprehension prevails, which is reflected in a steady stream of criticism and complaint. But of this, Prof. Hyslop thinks, we have had more than enough. It is high time that something positive and constructive should be proposed. Wearied, then, "with the perpetual grumbling which is either unable to see a way out of the confusion, or too cynical and hopeless to try an escape," he has ventured to offer for debate a complete system of government which is neither a reaction towards monarchy nor an acceptance of the *status quo*. It is, of course, an ideal system that is proposed, but it is an ideal to be kept steadily in mind when practical measures of reform are undertaken.

Because of the weariness of criticism to which Prof. Hyslop refers, most readers will turn at once to that part of his book entitled "Practical Remedies," and we can follow their example without inconvenience. This we may do, because the major premise of the argument is simply that reform must come through the honesty and intelligence of the officers of government. The problem is to secure such officers, and the solution is to be found in the limitation of the suffrage. In order to establish the proposition that the possession of property tends to make the citizen demand honesty and intelligence in his rulers, Prof. Hyslop frankly denies the existence of such a demand on the part of the "proletariat," and exposes the fallacy of supposing that any educational test can establish the existence of virtue in those who pass it. Experience has shown that such tests are of no value in determining the political intelligence of an electorate. On the other hand, Prof. Hyslop labors earnestly to prove that the possession of wealth, or the "economic criterion," is a test of such virtue as qualifies for civic rights and duties. His reasoning is clear and strong; but it is unfortunate for his argument that he should not have sought historical confirmation of his contention.

Those who hold that it is vain to attempt any limitation of the suffrage, we may say at once, will find nothing practical in Prof. Hyslop's remedies. Yet we cannot ignore the fact that in several of the States very severe restrictions of the suffrage have recently taken place, and it is not unreasonable to consider that similar restraints may elsewhere be adopted. What is proposed as a qualification for the electorate is not the possession of land, but the possession of an income, to be established by the payment of a tax on it. It is not the mere possession of wealth, but the qualities that are necessary for its acquisition, which constitute the test, and these economic virtues are to be found especially in the middle class. The political excellencies of this class were extolled formerly more than they have been in recent years, and it is refreshing to have

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their claims again put forth in Prof. Hyslop's vigorous and uncompromising language. It is not easy to defend the common people against the specific charges of incapacity for self-government which he brings against them, nor to deny that the grossest of our political abuses are connected with the excessive enlargement of the franchise.

To commit the government to the hands of the middle class, however, would not be a complete remedy. There must be an alteration in the machinery of government, which is to consist chiefly in the establishment of two courts, one to confirm the appointments of the Executive, the other to overthrow them. We should apprehend the complete destruction of responsibility under such a system, could we conceive it to operate if it were ever established. The constitution of the court of impeachment and removal especially is so peculiar as to place it outside of political possibility. The members of this court are to be drawn from a college nominated years in advance of their actual service, and it is quite incredible that even the middle class of our people would tolerate a government under which a few men appointed, perhaps, by President Cleveland, should have the absolute power of turning all President McKinley's appointees out of office. The situation in President Johnson's time was grave enough to deter us from further experiments in that direction.

While Prof. Hyslop's devices may be regarded rather as curiosities of speculation than as possible institutions, we cannot refrain from expressing some surprise at his condemnation of "checks and balances." Under the name of "inhibition," he brings in more checks than the writers of the 'Federalist' ever dreamt of, and in the flow of his argument he often employs the term "check" instead of "inhibit." The term appears to be selected on account of its use by physiologists, and although Prof. Hyslop carefully explains why a political state is not an organism, he appears to be at times carried away by the analogy which may be made out between them. The most serious defect in his work, to some readers, will be his assumption that government is an institution which must have more and more to do. It may be contended, on the other hand, that government undertakes now far more than it ought to or than it has ever given signs that it is fitted to. In this view, the only hope of reform consists in reducing the members of the governing class and their opportunities for plunder and oppression, until the emoluments of power shall be insufficient for the support of our two standing armies of politicians. It is hardly disputed that nothing done by government is done so well as similar work is done by private enterprise, and if this is true, it is certainly unnecessary to concede that further extensions of governmental activity are required by political evolution.

Students of political science will probably be more attracted by Prof. Hyslop's broad historical generalizations than by his practical suggestions. He calls attention to the influence of religious beliefs and philosophical theories on the development of civil government, finding in the growth of monism in religion and philosophy the cause or concomitant of the conception of universal empire. We fail to understand how the dominion of the polytheistic and unphilosophical Romans is explained by this theory; but, without arguing that point, we may say that the author's conclusions are extremely pregnant, if not profound. Altogether his book is an exceptionally racy, vigorous, and compact review of political evolution, and it well deserves the attention, not only of students, but also of that conservative middle class whose prosperity implies the general welfare.

The Successors of Homer. By W. C. Lawton. The Macmillan Co. 1898.

The general neglect by students of literature of the fragments of the epic "cycle" is easily accounted for. They have no special beauty, they are too short to convey any definite idea of the original whole; in brief, their interest is due almost wholly to the fact that they show that the epic impulse, though it lasted for some centuries after the completion of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' had rapidly lost its early creative force. The 'Cypria,' 'Little Iliad,' and the rest were the work of imitative poets, who, offended in their historical instincts, desired that the "Wrath of Achilles" and the "Return of Odysseus," mere episodes in the tale of Troy, should take their proper rank in a great historical sequence of epic lays. It was inevitable that this ambition should produce chronicles rather than poems. The unity that comes of a limited subject, that had given the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' a claim to be considered organic wholes, was not to be attained by poets so embarrassed by their wealth of material.

It is not so easy to explain the scant attention paid by English critics to the Homeric Hymns. It is true that their language has not the sustained beauty of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' and that they have many of the marks of a period in which the epic had lost its spontaneity and the digamma was shamelessly neglected. Of the thirty-four that are extant, only five repay careful study; but no review of Greek poetry that does not take into account the Hymns to Apollo and Demeter can be considered complete. They have been ignored by Prof. Jebb in his work on 'Classical Greek Poetry,' and by J. A. Symonds, whose 'Greek Poets' ranks as one of the very few handbooks of literature that can be read without weariness. Walter Pater is perhaps the only English essayist who has done justice to the beauty of the Hymn of Demeter. Mr. Lawton, in the volume before us, makes a praiseworthy if somewhat uninspired attempt to open up for English readers the rather barren field of the cyclic epic; he describes and partly translates the chief Hesiodic poems, the Homeric Hymns, and, lastly, the philosophic treatises in hexameter. The analysis of a long Greek poem can hardly fail to seem flat to the general reader who cannot read the original, unless, indeed, the writer possesses a delicate touch and the gift of imagination. In interest and suggestiveness Mr. Lawton, though his treatment is conscientious, is no match for J. A. Symonds, whose chapter on Hesiod shows an insight and a scholarly temper that make Mr. Lawton's appreciation seem amateurish by contrast. There is more reason for Mr. Lawton's chapter on the Homeric Hymns, because of their previous conspicuous neglect.

We cannot consider his translations happy. The English hexameter, as a medium of translations, is fatally adapted to bald renderings. Mr. Lawton does not escape the snares that lie about the feet of the translator of epic—snares that might be avoided by any reader of Matthew Arnold who should be endowed with a sense of humor. What would the author of "The Art of Translating Homer" have said to the description of Zeus (p. 111):

"Who, as he sits with Themis, *engages in chat confidential*"?

Mr. Lawton is not always as unhappy as this; but any one who compares his verse-rendering of the most beautiful passage of the Demeter Hymn with Pater's prose version will appreciate the superiority of exquisite English prose over the artificial doggerel that translators still offer the "English reader" who desires to understand the fascinations of Greek poetry. The Demeter Hymn was exhumed at Moscow in the Imperial Library as late as 1780, and exists in a single manuscript—facts which Mr. Lawton omits to mention. Of all the Homeric Hymns it is the most beautiful in its imagery and descriptions. The myth of Demeter and Persephone is perhaps the most interesting of all myths, partly because it came to have a strong ethical significance, and partly because in it was symbolized for the Greek mind the mysterious life of the earth. The description of the narcissus that tempted Persephone is worth quoting here:

"She was playing with the deep-breasted daughters of Oceanos, and gathering flowers, roses and crocus and pretty pansies, in a soft meadow, and flags and hyacinth, and that great narcissus that earth sent up for a snare to the rose-faced girl, doing service by God's will to Him of the Many Guests. The blossom of it was wonderful, a marvel for gods immortal and mortal men; from the root of it grew a hundred heads, and the incensed smell of it made all the wide sky laugh, and all the earth laugh, and the salt smell of the sea. The girl wondered and reached out both her hands to take the beautiful plaything. Then yawned the broad-wayed earth by the plain of Nysa, and the deathless horses broke forth, and the Cronos-born king, He of the Many Names, of the Many Guests; and he swept her away on his golden chariot."

Mr. Lawton's discussion of "Hexameter in the Hands of the Philosophers" is very slight. He deals briefly with Xenophanes, Parmenides and Empedocles, and again, in the case of the last two, provokes unfavorable comparisons with Symonds. His little book is unpretentious and painstaking, and will probably be useful to the "English reader," who can take so many short cuts to great authors nowadays that his innate conviction of the futility of consulting the originals is daily nourished. It is to be hoped that others will understand the allusion to the "similar death of Massachusetts's favorite son" (p. 145); we are completely at a loss to explain it. We wish that Mr. Lawton would not refer to Homer as "Poeta Sovrano," but perhaps this is captious. On p. 27 we note the misprint "rurück" for "zurück."

Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege. By Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I., author of 'The Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush.' 8vo, pp. 368, with illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons.

This very attractive book is the story of the siege of the fort at Chitral, high up among the mountains which separate the tributaries of the Indus from those of the Oxus, close to the "roof of the world." It is the detailed account, from the personal

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point of view, of the campaign of the late winter and spring of 1895, which Major Younghusband has sketched in outline in his 'Indian Frontier Warfare,' where the operations for the relief of the beleaguered fort are chosen as illustrations of difficult mountain campaigning.

Sir George Robertson was the civil official of the British Indian Government charged with the political agency for the region north of the Punjab, in which was the independent native principality of Chitral, coextensive with the narrow valley of that name, walled in by mountain ranges covered with perpetual snow, and laterally accessible only by passes high above the snow line, regarded as impracticable in winter. Sir George's headquarters were at Gilghit. The Chitral and Gilghit Rivers rise near each other on opposite sides of a range, the first flowing southwest into the Kabul, close to Jalalabad, and so into the Indus near Peshawar, the other running southeast into the Indus much higher up. The streams named enclose a quadrilateral of terribly rough country, which includes the Swat valley, itself the scene of a recent fierce struggle between the English and the mountaineers.

The outbreak in Chitral began with the assassination of the ruling Mehtar or chieftain by his half-brother, who tried to usurp the throne. But the inheritance was claimed by two others of the family, and the adherents of each gathered to support their leader's claims. Here were all the elements of a petty Oriental convulsion, especially as the neighboring tribes were for various reasons in a powdery condition, ready for an explosion. Robertson's position had much resemblance to that of our officers and Indian agents in the Rocky Mountains when an outbreak occurs there. From Gilghit he had communication with a couple of small posts in the valley above him; then, over the ridge, was a small fort at Mastuj in a valley tributary to Chitral, which was some sixty miles below. When hostilities break out, communication between such posts becomes very precarious, and, like our own, the English officers find their responsibilities greatly increased by the difficulty of getting messengers through from one to another. The petty garrisons were about a hundred men each, generally Sepoys, of which the Sikhs and Gurkhas were the best. The military officers were captains and lieutenants subordinate to the civil agent, with whom lay the responsibility of dealing with the natives. The forts were native strongholds, usually square enclosures with corner towers, all built of timber and masonry in alternate layers, the stones laid in mud mortar. The British troops were regarded merely as escorts for the political agent and his assistants, and did not occupy the forts in time of peace.

At the moment of the murder at Chitral, Robertson had a junior assistant there with a handful of men as an escort, and the assassin demanded of him recognition on the part of the Indian Government. The assistant, Lieut. Gurdon, parried the demand by urging lack of power for so weighty a decision, and the necessity of referring the matter to his superiors. By great coolness, Gurdon managed to postpone hostilities till Robertson could collect three or four hundred men at Gilghit and start to his relief early in January. The latter reached Chitral on the 1st of February, after a most difficult march, and found that the country down the valley was in arms for another pretender backed by the Khan of Jandol, who, in turn, was supposed to be instigated by the Amir of Kabul, glad to make trouble for the English. By skilfully temporizing, Robertson succeeded in keeping the parties from active war during another month, but by the 1st of March the party about Chitral melted away by desertions, and the pretender in the camp of Umra Khan advanced with a strong force, numbering some thousands, and, after a sharp combat with the English, drove them into the fort and established a siege. Robertson declared for his Government in favor of an innocent boy who was one of the numerous half-brothers of the murdered Mehtar, and who with a number of his headmen was also in the fort.

A close siege was maintained for six weeks, during which time the skilful Pathan riflemen made it almost certain death to show a head above the ramparts. Two smaller bodies of troops trying to open communication with the garrison were surrounded and destroyed. By the end of March the Indian Government had organized two columns of relief, one at Gilghit under Col. Kelly, and the other on the Peshawar frontier, a whole division under Gen. Sir Robert Low. Kelly's was a little quicker in motion and reached Chitral on the 20th of April, but Low's heavier force had gone to the heart of the matter by forcing its way across the Swat Valley into the home country of the Khan of Jandol, bringing him back in haste from the support of the pretender, who was keeping up the siege, but who was unequal to fighting Robertson when reinforced by Kelly.

Sir George has happily made his story a familiar narrative, in which we become personally acquainted with the group of his fine young subordinates and with the native personages with whom he has to deal. By giving us even the minutiae of passing occurrences and the conduct of those about him, we are enabled to understand the native people, their military and social character, the personal traits of the different classes of Sepoy soldiers, and the features of the mountain region which was the romantic theatre of operations. The marches of Low and Kelly are also told with fulness enough to make us feel how formidable a task it is to break over such passes as the Lowari and the Shandur, while they are still blocked by the deep snows of winter. The illustrations include photograph portraits of the men most frequently named in the story, British and native, singly and in groups; a good topographical map; reconnaissance sketches of some of the fortified gorges; and, best of all, a fine series of photographs of the valleys, the mountains, and the forts. In matter and form alike, the result is a most satisfactory book.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. A Memoir by A. De Burgh. With eighty illustrations. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1899.

The Martyrdom of an Empress. With portraits and photographs. Harper & Bro. 1899.

Of irresponsible gossip concerning the unfortunate Empress of Austria there has been a plenty, both during her lifetime and since her tragic death; but legitimate interest in her history has hardly been satisfied by the rhapsodic German recollections of her Greek reader, Christomanos, and others who came under her spell, nor will the two English biographies which aim to tell the complete story of her life be accepted as trustworthy accounts. A. De Burgh's attractively illustrated volume, although scarcely more sober in its estimate of the character of Elizabeth, is decidedly less sensational in its treatment than the story of 'The Martyrdom.' It may, however, be briefly dismissed as the product of an unskilled pen. There is neither unity nor proportion nor sound judgment to be found in the book. The chapter on "The Empress as an Architect," and such remarks as, "Of prose-writers she especially admired George Eliot and Lord Byron. . . . She is also reported to have been particularly struck with the imaginative power of Marie Corelli's writings," give us the full measure of the biographer's critical capacity. Countless misprints and misstatements testify to his ignorance of Austrian matters (as well as to the carelessness of the publishers' part in the work); but even after reading of Golukowsky and Tiska and *Count* Munkácsy, one is rather startled at seeing a portrait of the youngest son of the Archduchess Otto labelled the "direct heir to the throne," the fact being that the child is a nephew of the heir-apparent, Franz Ferdinand, and only very remotely connected with the succession.

'The Martyrdom of an Empress' claims more serious attention only as being ostensibly the work of a lady closely attached for years to the person of the late Empress and her confidante at critical moments. This claim is apparently sustained by the recital of incidents of which only the Empress and her biographer were witnesses, and the disclosure of secrets which have hitherto been considered impenetrable even by those in close relations with the court circles of Vienna. Thus, the story of Elizabeth's estrangement from her imperial husband and of her reconciliation to him, during the first years of their married life, is told with melodramatic force, and the account of the catastrophe at Mayerling is here given with a fulness of particulars such as, to our knowledge, has never before reached the public. More than this, we have a report of a conversation between Crown Prince Rudolph and the writer, on the subject of his conjugal misery, in the course of which she called him "Rudi" and "my dear boy." Where her own personal knowledge is incomplete, old nurses and gypsies, and apparitions, and portents complete a story the dramatic vividness of which Louise Mühlbach might have envied. And yet the same person who knows the inmost secrets of the Austrian court speaks of the Queen-Regent of Spain as the favorite *niece* of the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Archduke Albrecht as his *uncle;* writes as if a *Groschen* were a current Austrian coin to-day (whereas it has been out of date for half a century and more); persistently spells the Empress's birthplace Possenhoffen; and reports a conversation between the Empress and "Professor Rhoussopoulos," which in reality took place between her and Dr. Max Falk, as related by him in the *Neue Freie Presse* shortly after her death. In other words, her ignorance of matters which every child in Austria knows —she actually writes, "There was not a more popular man in the Austro-Hungarian army, nor in the length and breadth of the dual empire, than the Archduke" (Albrecht,

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the haughtiest and most reactionary of all the Austrian princes)—furnishes the gravest reason for doubting the authenticity of her revelations. At best, her estimate of Elizabeth as a woman "cast in a mould that had not one weak point in its make" shows her unfitness for her task. And her censure of the other actors in the drama which she depicts is as undiscriminating as her praise of her heroine. The *liaisons* of Francis Joseph and the intrigues of his mother may have darkened the early life of the Empress, and the tactlessness of her daughter-in-law embittered her later years; but stronger proof of the facts is required than the wholesale charges contained in these anonymous memoirs, the publishers of which ought to have offered to the public some guarantee of their genuineness. If it is the misfortune of kings, as Johann Jacoby said, that they do not want to hear the truth, it is the peculiar misfortune of Elizabeth of Austria—from all accounts as high-minded and truth-loving, with all her eccentricities, as she was beautiful—that the true story of her strange and sad life is apparently not to be told even after her death.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, Israel. Chapters on Jewish Literature. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. $1.25.
Alexander, Mrs. Brown, V. C. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Bentzon, Th. Nouvelle-France et Nouvelle-Angleterre. *Notes de voyage.* Paris: Lévy; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Bergerac, Cyrano de. A Voyage to the Moon. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
Cameron, Prof. A. G. Selections from Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. American Book Co. $1.25.
Campbell, R. J. The Restored Innocence. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50c.
Carryl, C. E. Y. The River Syndicate, and Other Stories. Harpers. $1.25.
Daniell, M. G. Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Deloup, Maximilian. The American Salad Book. New York: G. R. Knapp. $1.25.
Eliade, Pompiliu. De l'Influence Française sur l'Esprit Public en Roumanie. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Ferrell, Prof. C. C. Grillparzer's Sappho. Boston: Ginn & Co. 65c.
Fontaine, Prof. C. Dumas's La Tulipe Noire. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. *Letters from Japan. 2 vols.* Macmillan. $7.50.
Goode, W. A. M. With Sampson through the War. Doubleday & McClure Co. $2.50.
Gray, J. C. The Biblical Museum. Revised ed. Vol. I. E. R. Herrick & Co. $2.
Harper's Bazar. 1898. Harpers.
Harper's Magazine. 1898. 2 vols. Harpers.
Harper's Round Table. 1898. Harpers.
Harper's Weekly. 1898. Harpers.
Henderson, W. J. The Orchestra and Orchestral Music. Scribners. $1.25.
Herron, G. D. Between Cæsar and Jesus. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75c.
Hewlett, Maurice. Earthwork out of Tuscany. 2d ed. London: Dent; New York: Putnams. $2.
Hind, Lewis. The Enchanted Stone. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Irwin, H. S. Helena. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25.
Jacobs, Joseph. The Story of Geographical Discovery. Appletons.
Johnston, Sir H. H. A History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Keightley, S. R. The Silver Cross. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LVIII. Ubaldini—Wakefield. Macmillan. $3.75.
Legras, Jules. En Sibérie. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Mason, Caroline A. The Minister of Carthage. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
McCarthy, Justin. The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century. Part I. 1800-1835. Putnams. $1.50.
Noble, F. P. The Redemption of Africa. 2 vols. F. H. Revell Co. $4.
Parmele, Mary P. A Short History of Spain. Scribners. 60c.
Parsons, S., jr. How to Plan the Home Grounds. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.
Rafinesque, C. S. Ichthyologia Ohiensis. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co. $4.
Raine, Allen. By Berwen Banks. Appletons.
Sands, Rear-Admiral B. F. From Reefer to Rear-Admiral. F. A. Stokes Co.
Scott, Dr. J. F. Heredity and Morals as Affected by the Use and Abuse of the Sexual Instinct. E. B. Treat & Co. $2.
Thackeray, W. M. Denis Duval, etc. [Biographical Edition.] Harpers. $1.75.
The Annual Literary Index. 1898. Publishers' Weekly.
Waliszewski, K. Marysienka. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Wharton, Edith. The Greater Inclination. Scribners. $1.50.
Wiener, Prof. Leo. The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century. Scribners. $2.
Williams, A. M. Under the Trade Winds. Providence: Preston & Rounds Co. $1.
Winston, N. B. Waters that Pass Away. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25.

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